COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME III. COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884. NUMBER 22.

Scituate Views.

Among the 53 Views which I have taken of Scituate I would call special attention to the

Old Oaken Bucket Scenes,

Showing Woodworth's Home, the Mill and the Pond.

Scituate Light House,

Made historic by the two heroines of the 1812 war, Rebecca Bates and Abigail Bates, who with fife and drum scared off an English force who were about to land and sack the town.

The Barker House,

Oldest house in Town if not in New England.

Mossing Scenes.

ALSO

The Home of Webster.

OTIS BARKER, Photographer,
april 8m SCITUATE.

A Free Gift

OF AN

ELEGANT

Presidential Picture!

We will give any person who pays one year's subscription to this paper, whether at present a subscriber or not, an Excellent Double Engraving of his favorite Presidential and Vice Presidential Candidate. This picture is printed on a sheet 22x28 inches, in the best style of lithographer's art, and when properly framed will make an elegant appearance for parlor ornament. In ordering, notify which picture you want: Blaine and Logan or Cleveland and Hendricks.

This offer must be accepted on or before Oct. 1, 1884. Samples of these engravings to be seen at this office.

C. W. LEACH & CO., Scituate.

Cohasset Cottager.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
AT COHASSET, MASS.

ADVERTISING RATES VERY LOW.

Subscription Price $2 per year.
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

H. T. P. BATES, Editor.
N. BATES, Agent.

BASE BALL.

The Black Rock nine visited Scituate beach last Saturday, and played a game with the local club. Up to the sixth inning the game was very close and exciting, but at that time the Black Rocks took a strong lead by means of four hits and four errors and won the game easily.

The features of the game were the fine work of the Black Rock battery, and fine fly catches of Ahl, Snow, W. Pope and E. S. Hamblen. The batting of Snow, Keegan and Sherman was heavy.

For Scituate, Bates pitched effectively and Reed was a good back stop but threw to bases wildly. Their batting was very weak which doubtless had much to do toward their defeat.

Following is the score:

BLACK ROCKS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Snow, 1b.	5	2	3	3	9	0	0
Keegan, c.	5	0	2	2	12	1	1
E. L. Pope, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Freeborn, p.	4	0	0	0	1	15	1
Sherman, l. f.	4	2	2	2	0	1	1
Ahl, r. f.	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Murphy, 3b.	3	1	0	0	0	1	1
Maguire, s. s.	4	1	1	1	0	3	1
W. F. Pope, 2b.	4	1	0	0	4	0	1
Totals,	36	8	8	9	27	21	6

TUFTS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farine, 3 b	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Reed, c.	4	0	0	0	6	4	4
Bates, p.	4	1	1	1	1	15	0
E. S. Hamblen, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Bowker, s. s.	4	1	1	1	0	0	3
Dana, l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
S. Hamblen, 1b	4	0	1	1	10	0	2
Bothwell, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Plummer, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	34	2	4	4	26*	20	13

*Murphy out for not running.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Black Rocks	0	0	1	0	0	5	1	1	—	8
Tufts,	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

Two base hit—Keegan. First base on balls—Black Rock 3. Passed balls—Keegan 1. Wild pitch—Bates 1, Freeborn 2. Struck out—Black Rock 9, Scituate 11. Umpire, Mr. Brackett, of Boston.

WILD PITCHES.

The Cohassets defeated the Hingham Juniors last Saturday by a score of 9 to 3. 7 innings.

The Black Rocks defeated the Jerusalem Road, Wednesday, by a score of 27 to 4. 4 1-2 innings.

The Black Rocks play the Independents on the Black Rock grounds this afternoon.

The Black Rocks expect to play the Longwoods next Monday, on Black Rock grounds.

The Black Rocks held a picnic at the expense of a picked nine from Cohasset and Jerusalem Road, Thursday afternoon, the game resulting in a victory for Black Rock by a score of 18 to 6.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The Republicans held a well attended caucus at Bates' Hall, Monday evening. J. Q. A. Lothrop was chosen chairman, and J. Foster Doane, secretary. The call for the Republican State Convention was read by the chairman, and the following delegates were then chosen for the several conventions: State, J. Q. A. Lothrop, G. T. W. Braman; Congressional, Philander Bates, J. Foster Doane; Senatorial, Edw. E. Wentworth, Capt. Loring Bates, Israel C. Vinal; County, Samuel D. Tower, George W. Cousens; Councillor Louis T. Cushing, Newcomb B. Tower. Town committee, J. Q. A. Lothrop, Philander Bates, Edw. E. Wentworth. The matter of forming a Blaine and Logan club was left for some future meeting.

ASSAULTED AT THE DEPOT CORNER.

When returning from church last Sunday evening, Mr. Philander Bates, one of our Selectmen, found a lively drunken row in progress at the Depot corner. Mr. Bates immediately proceeded to ascertain the cause of the trouble, and found that one Peter Doherty, of Hingham, had been imbibing too freely and was trying to pick a quarrel with William Reedy. Mr. Bates stopped the disturbance and proceeded toward home when Doherty rushed after him, and grabbing him by the coat, undertook to eject him from the sidewalk. Thinking that more trouble was iminent, Mr. Bates at once called out Officer Vinal, but before he arrived, Doherty had set upon Mr. Thomas Rogers, who was passing in company with a lady, and savagely assaulted him. On the arrival of Officer Vinal, Doherty was immediately locked up and Monday morning he was taken before Judge Humphrey at Quincy, where he was fined $1 and costs for being drunk, and $5 and costs for assault and battery. The total costs of his celebration were $23.90.

EXCURSION.

An excellent opportunity will be given our citizens on next Wednesday for a day's pleasure. The O. C. R. R. Co. have made arrangements for a grand excursion to Gay Head, the scene of the City of Columbus disaster. A special train will leave here at 8.30 a. m., and will connect at New Bedford with the steamer "Monohansett" for Gay Head, and enjoying a delightful sail among the Elizabeth islands and through Buzzard's bay. Between two and three hours will be passed at Gay Head. The steamer will leave Gay Head on the return trip at 3.30 p. m., thus affording ample time for passengers to arrive here before night fall. The low price of the excursion, $2 for the round trip from Cohasset, should insure a good patronage from here.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

We are in receipt of a circular from the State Board of Health containing suggestions and advice in regard to the prevention of epidemic cholera. This is a timely movement on the part of the board. Cholera is a disease against which every means should be taken to guard.

The substance of the circular is "keep your premises clean and pure." As the circular has been published in full in many of the Boston papers it is not necessary for us to reprint it but any person wishing to examine it may obtain the same at our office. The suggestions are valuable and should be closely followed, as no one knows how soon the dread disease may be in our midst.

Notice the advertisement of plants for sale in another column.

BIJOU OPERETTA AND CONCERT COMPANY.

Cohasset has had few concerts of late, where as formerly Spauldings Bell Ringers and like organizations rarely failed to stop here on their circuit. At the request of several of our prominent people the Bijou Operetta and Concert Company will present on Thursday evening next a neat and appropriate musical entertainment.

The Company includes in its list of artists Miss Edith Abell, than whom there is no better musical comedy artiste in this section of the country. Her success in "The Mascotte" "Fatinitza and Co.", etc., as well as in teaching, are well known to audiences of Boston and suburbs.

Her cousin and pupil Miss Ida Louise Abell, has a rich soprano voice which coupled with an experience in the "Boston Ideal" and Bijou Theatre" Company make her a very pleasing artist.

Miss Lillian Chandler, (violiniste) a pupil of Mr. Julius Eichberg needs no introduction to a Cohasset audience. Second only to Camilla Urso, she will be heartily appreciated in this musical community.

Mr. W. A. Davis is the manager of this superb little company and though young in the profession has earned marked success as an elocutionist.

Mr. Marcellus Stewart the Piano Soloist and Accompanist has been for several years organist at the Bromfield Street church. A skilful player and thorough musician.

To accommodate those coming from the beaches and who have to return in the half past nine train, the concert will commence at half-past seven and close at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. Tickets are now on sale at the post office where also is to be seen a fine collection of photographs of this company.

VISITORS.

The following ladies and gentlemen have been sojourning at the house of Miss Mary E. Wilcutt, Summer street:—

Mrs. Hannah L. Bruce, Miss Sarah L. Bruce, Mrs. Thos. O'Brien, Rock Bottom, Mass.; Mr. Marcus M. Brown, Miss Carrie W. Brown, Hudson; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Winslow, Frank S. Winslow, Mary T. Bruce, J. C. Farnsworth, Waltham; Chas. H. Bruce, Springfield; Georgia A. Nelson, Palmer. They have been enjoying the sailing and fishing hugely and would hereby extend their thanks to the people of Cohasset with whom they have come in contact, for their uniform courtesy and kindness with which they have been met.

⁂

HERE AND THERE.

Queer weather.

To-morrow is St. Bartholomew's Sunday.

Notice advertisement of concert in another column.

It is rumored that Browne's soda is "simply delicious."

Thickest fog ever seen here Tuesday and Wednesday.

The total receipts of the G. A. R. fair were $911.62; expenses $321.37 Net proceeds $590.25.

Ar. Aug. 15, Sch. Charlotte, Capt. M. P. Valine, with 358 bbls. mackerel.

Ar. Aug. 21, Sch. Jennie Lynde Capt. Leighton, with 200 tons of Lykens Valley coal for Tower, Bro. & Co.

The Democratic Caucus is in progress at the Town Hall as we go to press. Full account next week.

Our job printing patrons must excuse delays at present as vacations are in order at our office.

The second Black Rock hop took place Thursday evening and was a grand success.

Miss May L. Studley of Concord, N. H., is visiting her uncle Mr. E. B. Studley.

The C. M. A. will meet for rehearsals next Monday and Thursday evenings.

C. M. A. Sketch is unavoidably crowded out this week but will appear in our next.

Rev. Mr. Osgood occupied his pulpit last Sunday, and gave a brief description of his late western tour.

The new house of Mr. G. T. W. Braman will be the most handsome structure on the Jerusalem road when completed.

Mr. E. B. Studley entertained a party at the Centre House, Nantasket Beach, last Thursday, with a fish, dinner.

A new petition for the new road across Pleasant beach and Beach Island has been prepared by the Town Clerk and awaits signatures at his office.

Mr. C. F. Tilden has purchased the building on Border St. formerly used as a boat repair shop by Mr. Wm. Eddy, and is having it removed to the old Collier wharf which he recently purchased.

Mr. Willie Thayer has at his residence on North Main street, five Irish Setter pups which are certainly the most handsome we have ever seen, Mr. T. will be happy to show them to any canine lovers who may favor him with a call.

The board of Registrars met in the Selectmen's room at the Town Hall Wednesday evening and organized with the choice of Chas. F. Tilden as chairman and Newcomb Tower Secretary. They will meet at the same place next Saturday evening to commence their labors.

Mr. Caleb Nichols of this town had the pleasure (?) of being aboard the "Twilight" Tuesday night when that boat was run down by the "Stamford." Mr. Nichols hung a life preserver on one arm and his coat on the other, and calmly awaited developments. He states that the conduct and coolness of Capt. Sampson, as well as that of all the officers and crew was above reproach.

We have been favored (?) this week with out of town attractions. First came four men with two trained bears. These were followed by a violin and harp street company, which by the way rendered some good music, but the same cannot be said of the bag-pipe musicians, of which there were two sets, who came the next day. These exhibitions together with harmonica solos, songs and choruses nightly given on our streets, have made it indeed a week of music. (Perhaps it ought to be spelled weak.)

In a brief description of a visit to Hanson, the Hingham *Journal* remarks:

"Another establishment in the carriage repository of "Joe White," known far and near to horsemen, as the proprietor not only is an authority on every description of vehicle, but is a trader in and an excellent judge of horseflesh."

In regard to the latter statement Bro. Miller must have unusual good luck with "Joe White" as one of our nearest neighbors has had no less than eight different horses from his establishment within two months and has not secured a sound one yet.

Jerusalem and Extension.

Nearly a bad accident occurred a few days ago on Beach Island, the "Cart path" over that interesting neighborhood is absorbing so much travel that the Selectmen are getting very careful and shy about driving their teams of fast horses on so dangerous a highway.

The Hon. Lyman K. Bass one of our summer residents occupying Mr. Cunningham's house, just escaped what might have proved a serious accident, had his horse not been quiet, and not easily frightened.

A covered wagon of one of the tradesmen was partially out of the narrow road, but the top jutted over towards the middle of the way, at a height of about six feet, and Mr. Bass thinking there was sufficient room to pass, and being in a hurry, tried to drive through the opening, but the braces on his carriage were struck by the protection caused by the wagon, and the carriage was entirely demolished. It is hoped no serious accident to life or limb will occur, until the extension obviates like mishaps.

NEPTUNE.

From the Provinces.

AMHERST, N. S., Aug. 1, 1884.

Mr. Editor,

I am sure your readers will be glad to know that there are parts of the country where an overcoat is always useful. We came to the Provinces the 8th of June and we have not seen a warm day since that time, in fact during the past two weeks we have needed a fire in our room. The country here is fine, I never saw foliage look so green and if it was not for the rain, which has been falling for the past four weeks, we might with the use of overcoats and wraps enjoy some of the beauty of the country. It is often asked "what do the people do to get a livelihood down that way?" Why should such a question come up, when once you have been this way and seen the productive soil? Why my friends much of it will be found full of stumps and rocks. Why then should you ask what the people are to do? Clear up the land of course. But I would not give your readers a false idea of this country. There is much good land and many very productive mining districts.

Hillsboro is a town of 2000, situated on the Petitcodiac river. Here is to be found one of the best plaster quarries on the Continent. This quarry is owned and run by a Mr. Tompkins of Newark, N. J. That is where we get the well known Tompkins plaster. This plaster is sent to Newark, N. J., in the rock and there manufactured. We then see the wonderful Albertite coal which is very valuable for its oil, it is so rich with oil that it is never used for ordinary purposes. This mine is also in Hillsboro and is considered second to none in the world.

Then we see the Spring Hill coal mines, wonderful in their productions. Thousands of tons are taken daily from this mine. Spring Hill is in the Province of N. S., about two hundred miles from St. John. There we see the Miramichi River filled with the finest salmon in summer and bass and smelt in winter. Thousands of tons are yearly shipped from this river to the New York market. These fish both summer and winter are caught in nets.

There is also fine lumbering interests all along this river, and large ships and barques may be seen daily, loading for foreign ports all along its banks. These interests which we have mentioned with many others which we shall give at some future date will enable your readers to see that the inhabitants are not sleeping.

D. L. CHUBUCK.

A Tourist's Trip In and Around Duxbury.

Mr. Editor,

Something of a pedestrian, your correspondent has been taking, what many might call extended walks in and around this ancient and venerable town. Among places of great interest to the undersigned was a journey made to an old building near the Duxbury station, a house reported as having been the house of good John Alden of Pilgrim fame. It is said to be some 251 years old, having been built in 1633. We were much interested in it and visited every portion which we believed had been hallowed by the presence of Alden. The quaint little rooms at the entrance in the rear are cosy and companionable yet; and one may easily imagine the comfort good John Alden and his consort may have taken while they lived there.

You have no doubt read the beautiful poem of Whittier, Capt. Miles Standish Courtship, and how the fair Priscilla said when that redoubtable hero appeared soliciting her heart and hand for his friend, "John, why don't he come himself?" We think the part assumed by Standish involved more true valor and courage than any other of that hero's deeds.

We took a stroll before breakfast, on a recent morning, as far as the old Governor Winslow house—a venerable pile—the oldest dwelling we are informed in Marshfield; the happy, hospitable home and pleasant residence of a worthy of the Pilgrim days—Gov. Winslow.

Although our arrival was quite early in the morning we were welcomed by the gentleman and lady who own the estate. They treated us with much cordiality and rendered all the assistance they possibly could. We explored different rooms and chambers, peeped into old pantries and looked into old closets; and finally mounting some stairs, found ourselves in an immense buttery. Ah, the women had to work in those Good Old Colony Times as well as in these days when ours is a President instead of a King.

The view from this mansion is very desirable. Pleasant fields with growing thrifty crops, valuable cereals, fruit trees corn and grain—all betoken not only the faithful, industrious host and men's labor and skill but his felt rewarding in the near future. This pursuit of the farmer and agriculturist is indeed a noble one, and a name (Robert Burns) most illustrious in song and story has lifted it into the region of genius itself. But I must stay my pen for the present and may have the courage to write again.

From your occasional correspondent,

P.

Freeman House, Aug. 17, 1884.

SCITUATE.

LIQUOR SEIZURE.

Officers Charles Cook and Erastus Whitton of Hingham made a seizure Saturday night of three gallons of hard liquor from Geo. Doherety. We thought the selectmen were not doing any thing in regard to the liquor business, but we were mistakened they have been doing more than our citizens are aware of, and we are pleased. We hope they will prosecute to the final judgment as the law directs, and in this we hope they will be backed by the law and peace abiding citizens.

The Organ Society netted about $14 at their dime fair last week.

Mr. Harrison Stetson, of Hanover, has open a cobbler's shop in the old HERALD office.

Arrived schooner Mopang from Cherryfield, cargo of fine hemlock boards for E. P. Welch & Son.

FOUND. A 12 foot dory, painted green, with two oars, marked "K. P. & P. A." Enquire at Bonney's wharf.

We received a call this week, from Col. J. P. Jordan, of the firm of Pulsifer, Wilson and Jordan, paper warehouse, Boston, who is stopping with his family at No. Scituate beach.

Mr. F. Driscoll's large Newfoundland dog came home Thursday noon, just alive, with two charges of fine shot in his head and neck. Whether he was shot intentionally or not is not known.

The family of Mr. S. B. Pratt came to Scituate for the first time in 1880 and enjoyed summer life here so well that directly and indirectly it has resulted in over one hundred people visiting Scituate this season.

Mr. J. E. O. Prouty has given up the grain business in this place. Mr. P. informs us this is for several reasons, among which is that the mill and dam are greatly in need of repair, $1,000 should be laid out upon it, but as it is now, no one can do anything with it. Mr. Prouty has not fixed upon anything that he will do as yet.

We received Monday, a pleasant call from "Uncle John" Brown of Sherman's corner. Although seventy seven years of age he walked down a distance of four or five miles. He is a regular attendant of the Baptist Church No. Scituate, always walking the three miles with more punctuality than many who live close by their place of worship.

Thursday, a party of ladies and children, including Mrs. Henry Bond, Mrs. Frank Pierce and Misses Lou A. Hall, Minnie A. Shields and Lillian W. Prescott, spent the day in true picnic style at Peggotty Beach. A fish chowder was made which was heartily enjoyed by all. The party was carried to and from the beach in Mr. Hall's farm-wagon, decked out with sunflowers. All voted it a very enjoyable day.

The ladies of the Old Colony Association will hold a basket lunch, Home mission meeting, Wednesday, August 27, at North Scituate Baptist church, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m. Misses Packard, Giles and Adams, who have been engaged in teaching in the Freedmen's schools, will be present. The meeting promises to be a very interesting one, and ladies of the vicinity are cordially invited to attend.

Schooner Whisper, of Salem, in charge of S. F. Pratt, ran into a rock on First Cliff side of the harbor, Monday night, as she was going out and stove a hole in her bottom. It is claimed that she sailed off two miles before they found she was leaking, they turned about, and when near the red beacon were obliged to leave her, she filled so fast. She was got up to W. C. Turner's wharf, where Mr. Maddock repaired her.

BORN.

In Cohasset, Aug. 17, to Mrs. Wm. E. Crocker, a daughter.

In Cohasset, Aug. 17, to Mrs. John Rhodrick, a son.

DIED.

In Marshfield, Aug. 5, Mrs. Hannah F. Crowell, 83 years and 9 months.

In Marshfield, August 6, Mrs. Lydia Baker, 87 years and 2 months.

In Marshfield, Aug. 6, Miss Esther C. Sampson, 80 years and 6 months.

In Kingston, Aug. 9, Wesley A., son of George H. and Abby H. Clark, 4 months and 10 days.

In Marshfield, Aug. 10, Mrs. Sarah B. Beesey, 86 years and 2 months.

In Boston, Dorchester district, Aug 10, Thomas Beal, formerly of Kingston, 50 years.

In Kingston, August 10, Miss Huldah Sampson, 74 years, 1 month and 1 day.

In Duxbury, August 12, Dennis Curtis, a colored inmate of the Almshouse, 67 years and 10 months.

At North Scituate, Aug. 17, Mrs. Sophia Peirce, 93 years, 3 months and 27 days.

In Cohasset, Aug. 17, Mrs. Lizette (Thayer) Goodwin, of Quincy, 42 years, 6 months, 9 days.

In Cohasset, Aug. 17, Grace E., daughter of George L. and Nettie E. Litchfield, 1 year, 11 month, 16 days.

NORTH SCITUATE.

A grand hop at Mitchell's took place Tuesday evening.

Miss Clara L. Bradley, of Harwich, is a guest of Miss Josie M. Litchfield.

George W. Perry Post received an invitation from Edwin Humphrey Post of Hingham to participate in a camp fire the first part of next month.

The Hanover Centre Congrega'l church, Rev. Samuel E. Evans, pastor, picnicked at North Scituate beach, Wednesday. About 100 persons composed the party.

Mrs. Sophia Peirce, the oldest inhabitant of this town, died Sunday night, aged 93 years. The funeral took place from the Baptist church, Tuesday p. m. Rev. T. W. Sheppard officiating.

Wednesday, Newcomb Cottage was occupied by the following persons: Thos. T. Bailey, wife and grandchild, Melrose; Mrs. Fannie Speare, two children, George Bradford and wife, Mrs. Lydia F. Bailey, Chelsea; Mrs. Mary Ellis, Boston; Chas. E. Bailey and family, Geo. W. Bailey and wife, Mrs. Jotham W. Bailey and Miss H. Miriam Bailey of this village.

Mr. J. E. Hiller, agent for the total Abstinence Society, is canvassing this and adjoining towns for subscriptions for the carrying on of moral and religious work among the children, and youth. It has nothing to do with politics and is commended to our people as doing a good work.

A. F. Damon, the village artist, has embellished one of the grocery wagons of D. J. Bates & Co., with four marine views and two of sketches of their fine display of groceries, being brought out in the finest style of art, and the above firm also have shown to the public a new gilded sign bearing the following "D. J. Bates & Co. The Novelty Store," the gift of Abba P. Smith, Jr., of Franklin, Mass., by whom it was gilded.

Old Oaken Bucket lodge, No. 75, of Good Templars has elected as W. C. T., Charles H. Newcomb; W V T., Miss Mary L. Clapp; W. S., Francis B. Lee; W. F. S., Mrs. M. C. Morris; W. T., Alfred A. Seaverns; W. C., Abby A. Morris; W. M., Joseph W. Morris; W. D. M., Lydia V. Yinal; W. A. S, George H. Newcomb; W. I. G., Mrs. G. H. Bates; W. O. G., Waldo F. Bates; W. R. H. S., Frank T. Newcomb; W. L. H. S., Miss Annie W. Vinal.

The persons stationed at the watering trough (Comrades C. H. Nott, G. H. Bates, G. H. Whittaker) Monday, to receive contributions toward the charity fund of Post 31, in accordance with the appeal published last week, report the sum collected to be $27. Said a person as a circular was handed him, "So long as this granite lasts it will be a monument to the memory of John W. Bailey." To those who so kindly responded, the Post tender them its thanks, assuring them that the money donated will be expended in a good cause.

SCITUATE CENTRE.

Boy baby at Mr. Eugene Fuller's, Brown avenue.

Lots of company at Hazzards and Litigation beaches at the present time.

Mr. Samuel Ellison and wife, of Malden, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown.

Mr. Danforth Turner and a friend from the city are stopping with Miss Maria Cudworth on Main street.

Dr. Bridges and wife, of Brookfield, Maine, have been visiting their daughter, Mrs Davie, of Pleasant Corners.

Rev. Mr. Jescoe, of Holliston, preached at the Orthodox church, Sunday. The words of the text were Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?

Miss Emily C. Merritt who has been absent from town some months, having been detained by injuries occasioned by a fall, we are happy to learn has returned home.

Miss Susie Cory, of Hartford, Conn., is visiting Mrs. Elizabeth Merritt. This is her first visit to friends here since her return from her studies in Germany.

A good record as a school teacher. Miss Mary F. Perry, of this town, taught school thirty years, and during that time lost but three terms, she then took a year's vacation; and is now teaching a primary school in Hanson, in addition to which she is teaching singing in all the schools in town, some sixteen in number, including the two Grammar schools.

GREENBUSH.

W. H. Sampson has added to his stock a choice line of fine cigars.

The lawn party, Wednesday evening, near the residence of Davis Damon on Pond street, was largely attended.

Colman Heights Cottage.—Miss Mabel E. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. G. F. Bigelow, Miss Alice Bigelow, Chas. H. Nickerson, Miss Elizabeth R. Tobey, Mr and Mrs. P. Hayden, T. R. Appleton, Boston; Rev. Willard Scott, Omaha; Henry Johnson, New York; Dr. C. H. Chamberlain, H. C. Bacon, Mrs. Aysoha T. Abbott, Lawrence; Miss Susie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. N. Smith, No. Pembroke; Mrs. S. Higgins, Miss S. Higgins, Duxbury.

Town Hall

COHASSET.

—BY REQUEST—

Thursday Evening, Aug. 28

Commencing at 7.30, Ending at 9.20.

BIJOU

Operetta and Concert Co.

Comprising the well known artists,

MISS EDITH ABELL,
MISS IDA LOUISE ABELL,
Soprano.
MISS LILLIAN CHANDLER,
Violiniste.
MR. W. A. DAVIS, Elocutionist.
MR. MARCELLUS STEWART,
Piano Soloist and Accompaniest.

PART I.
Concert Programme.
PART II.
Operetta,—"The Ball Slippers."
Comedietta,—Which Will Have Him.

TICKETS, RESERVED SEATS, 35c. ADMISSION, 25 c.
For Sale at the Post Office and at Hotel Nantasket.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS,

Save your Postage and Express Charges by getting your

PLANTS

Close at Home.

12 of the best Pot Grown or Larger Strawberry Plants now ready for Fall setting.

Samuel Nichols,
Cohasset, Mass.
Winter Street, aug 23 tf

Boston & Hingham Steamboat Co.

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING TO

NANTASKET BEACH.

GRAND CONCERTS

—BY—

Reeves' Celebrated American Band,

Afternoon and Evening

—AT—

HOTEL NANTASKET

To accommodate patrons Tickets have been placed on sale at 296 Washington street.

On and after Aug. 11, (weather permitting) Steamers will leave

ROWE'S WHARF

Daily, until further notice, as follows, for

NANTASKET at *6.30 *8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.; 12.30, 1.15, 2.30, 3.30, 5, *6, 6.30, 7.30, 9.15 p. m. Return at *7, 8, *10, 11, a. m.; 12.00, 1.30, 2, 2.50, 3.30, 5, 6.15, 8, 9.30, p.m.

STRAWBERRY HILL at 9, *11.30 a. m.; 1.15, *3, 5.15, *6 p. m. Return at *7, *7.45, 10.30 a. m.; *4, 6.30 p. m.

PEMBERTON, HULL, *6.30 **8.30, 9, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.; 12.30, 1.15, 3, 3.30, 5.15, *6, 6.30, *7.30, *9.15 p. m.; Return at *7.20, *8, *10.20, 10.40, 11.20, a. m.; 1, 1.50, 2.20, 3.10, 4.10, 5.20, 6.40, 8.20, 9.50, p. m.

*Omitted Sundays.

All boats to and from Pemberton, except those marked thus* connect with trains of the Nantasket Beach Railroad for all points of the Beach.

Fair by Boat or Boat and Rail, via Pemberton, 25 Cents.

Round trip excursion tickets (by Boat alone) including Admission to Hotel Piazza and Skating Rink, 50 c.

E. F. SEARS, Supt.
J. W. HOBART, G. T. A.

PROPOSALS

for BUILDING a

Receiving Tomb!

Sealed proposals will be recieved by the undersigned, a committee for the town of Cohasset, for building a Receiving Tomb in Beechwood Cemetery, until 12 o'clock M., September 1, 1884.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the office of Aaron Pratt, Esq., Beechwood St.

The Committee reserve the right to reject any and all Proposals.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP,
PHILANDER BATES,
CALEB F. NICHOLS,
AARON PRATT,
EDWIN BATES,
HORACE J. DAMON.
Building Committee.
Cohasset, Aug. 14, 1884.

Surveying

—AND—

Levelling.

The subscriber is prepared to attend to all work included under the above head short notice and reasonable prices.

All orders left at residence will be promptly attended to.

Daniel N. Tower,
Beach Street, Cohasset
tml 3m

TOWER, BRO. & CO.,

Dealers in

Coal and Lumber,

ALSO

BUILDERS' MATERIALS

Of all kinds,

COHASSET.

☞ Look out for change next week.

Center-board Boat FOR SALE.

A good Centre-board Boat 20 feet long, in good order, built by Lawley at Scituate for Capt. Harry P. Snow. Will be sold at a reasonable price. May be seen by applying to

JAMES PETTEE,
Jerusalem Road, Cohasset.

Cohasset Drug Store,

Pure Drugs and Medicines of every description.

Prescriptions prepared in the most careful manner, at all hours of the day or night.

A Choice assortment of

CIGARS and TOBACCO

Constantly on hand.

BASE BALL GOODS

A specialty.

FRANK W. BROWNE
Corner Elm and Brook Streets.

DR. G. T. BAKER,

DENTIST,

98 Boylston St., Boston.

In Cohasset every

Friday

AND

Saturday.

Office at Dr. Pratt's Residence.

Tower, Bro. & Co.,

Border St., Cohasset,

Have in Stock a full line of the Celebrated

Averill Mixed PAINTS,

In 40 Colors for Inside and Outside work Put up in Barrels, Kegs, Gallons, ½ Gallons, Quarts and Pints.

☞ If in want, please call and examine the same, or send for sample card with prices.

Cohasset, May 24, '84. tf

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Charles L. Rich late of Cohasset, in the County of Norfolk, deceased and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same. And all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CHARLES W. RICH, Administrator.
July 23, 1884.

LOST.

A Gold Lace Pin. Design: sailor's hat, oar and cable. The finder will receive thanks and reward on returning the pin to

Mrs. S. J. Lawrence,
Summer Street, Cohasset.

Gross & Nichols,

COHASSET, MASS.,

Have Constantly on hand and For Sale

Corn, Meal, Oats, Cracked Corn, Mill Feed, Hay and Straw, Beef Scraps, Gr. Oyster Shells, Barley Wheat, Buckwheat, &c., &c., &c., &c.

COHASSET

Mutual Fire Insurance Company

OF COHASSET, MASS

MARTIN LINCOLN, President.
J. Q. A. LOTHROP, Secretary.

This Company insures on Dwelling houses and their contents, Barns and private Stables and better class of risks. If you wish to insure, please call on our agents in Scituate, Jetson Wade or Hon. E. T. Fogg of South Scituate, Aaron Pratt, Esq., Beechwood.

Cohasset, Jan. 8, 1883.

Z. RICH,

FUNERAL and FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER,

Elm St. COHASSET.

Would respectfully inform the public, that having made arrangements with one of the largest wholesale houses in New England he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every thing pertaining to the business, of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices. Also, on hand for the convenience of his customers one of the

Crosby Celebrated Invalid Bedstead,

the most perfect article of the kind ever yet invented.

Orders can be left at his house at any hour in the year and will receive prompt attention.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

Edited by Rev. A. F. Newton.

The Sunday School.

Topic for the Quarter—Service: Royal and Loyal.

Lesson for Aug. 24, 1884—2 Sam. 24:15-25.

THE PLAGUE STAYED.

Time—3 months after last lesson.

Golden Text—So the Lord was entreated for the land and the plague was stayed from Israel.—2 Sam. 24:25.

HINTS.

1. During David's reign there were three great calamities. The death of Uzzah, the death of Absalom and the death of the 70,000. All of these calamities which are only marked but not measured by these term were the result of sin and made a warning to those others.

2. This plague swept off seventy thousand. On one occasion 185,000 of Sennacheribs army were slain; and who shall number the corpses of those over whom waves of the flood swept when the fountains of the great deep were broken up. All these calamities are the warning bells of God to show men where the reefs of sin are. But men still rush on to the jagged rocks of transgression and go down in the gulf of yawning evils.

3. Before entering upon the study of this lesson, do not fail to read the chapters between the last lesson and this.

There you will find the account of the general amnesty which the king granted after his return to Jerusalem.

Sheba's rebellion and death shows how David acted after the lesson he received from Absalom's defeat.

The devotion of Rizpah has been the poem the artist has pictured on the canvass.

David's song of praise and his last message to Israel are full of pathos, piety and instruction.

The famine that lasted three years was a great event in this reign and then came the taking of the census that brought so direful a calamity upon the people of Israel.

4. The parallel account in I. Chron. 21, is very helpful in understanding the mysteries of the pestilence.

David evidently violated the law of census taking which is given in Exodus 30:12. He withheld the half shekel.

Josephus gives this as the occasion of the evil. In I. Chron. 21:1 we are told that Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number Israel.

There seems to have been some wrong motive in David's action.

5. Notice the evidence that David sinned in taking the census.

(1). Joab objected to commence and did not complete the work. (2). It is said Satan prompted the act, and Satan was never known to prompt a good act. (3). The prophet came to David with fearful choice of three evils in consequence of the sin in taking the census. (4). David confessed the sin in his wonderful words, "Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord; for very great are his mercies, but let me not fall into the hand of man." (5). The pestilence that swept off 70,000 men was sent by the Lord as a direct expression of His disapproval of David's action. (6). David's heart smote him after he had numbered the people and he prayed for forgiveness.

6. Do we get any hint of the nature of the sin by the pestilence? It seems as though the sin of David was in one particular at least in his pride at the large number of people over whom he ruled and in the strength of the human means he had under his control. God showed him that the glory is due unto himself by removing in a few hours so many men.

Let not man say "Our hand hath done this" but let us ever remember to give God the glory due unto his name.

It is said of Abraham Lincoln that throughout the whole period of the war of the Rebellion he constantly directed the attention of the nation to dependence on God. It may indeed be doubted whether he omitted this in a single state paper.

In his last public address delivered to an immense crowd assembled at the White House on April 11, 1865, to congratulate him on the victories of the Union, the President said reverently "In the midst of your joyous expressions, He from whom all blessings flow must first be remembered." (See J. G. Blaine's Twenty yrs. of Congress, p. 149.)

We may all say with Paul "Where is boasting? It is excluded by the law of faith." (Rom. 3:27.)

7. In the sale made by Araunah we have an event that marks an epoch in history.

Stanley says "It was the meeting of two ages." He was the last of the Canaanites and he yielded up this claim from the stern old race to David who raised an altar on Mount Moriah as the close harbinger of the reign of Solomon the type of the Prince of Peace.

8. The price David insisted on paying should teach us to be unwilling to render unto the Lord any service that costs us nothing.

As Sunday school teachers we must not attempt to serve God with our lessons unless they cost us hours of study and prayer. The expense of books of reference and the hours of the teachers meeting are a part of the shekels we must pay for our Mount Moriah.

◆

A Temperance Sermon.

A few months since Patrick Forbes, saloon keeper of Prairieburg, Ohio, went to his home drunk; assaulted his wife, and, after saturating her with kerosene oil, set fire to her clothing, burning her most horribly. Locking his victim up, the drunken fiend refused to allow aid of any kind, until death came and relieved the poor woman's suffering.

A temperance sermon? 'Tis lying there,
With a crimson seal on the flooring bare,
Written dark and deep on the battered clay,
What none could the voice of the preacher say
Than the helpless hands of a murdered dame,
Burnt crisp, as in frenzy they fought the flame!

Little fingers frail, that were softly kissed
[illegible] a loving head grew a drunkard's fist;
They are cold—so cold—with their bloody stain,
They can never plead for their life again;
But for other lives, praying loud, they call,
Lifted up to God from their blackened pall.

Little dainty feet, that were wont to pass
By the hedge-rows sweet, thro' the meadow grass,
In the shabby home of a drunkard's wife,
They have tireless toiled on the road of life
To the crimson floor, with its faded stain;
Out of [illegible] here, out of want and pain.

Pallid, parted lips—and they used to know
Merry, girlish songs in the long ago.
They have learned, alas! how the watchers sigh,
How the hungry moan, how the fearful cry
Till the mouth is set with its lines of care;
Is there better preaching than this elsewhere?

From the circle small of a goblet's brim
[illegible] and gallows [illegible] in its shining rim;
[illegible] the liquid fire, with its glowing spark,
[illegible] the light away from the [illegible] dark;
[illegible] the [illegible] face, hunger pinched and white
[illegible] a fellow's [illegible] lessons fight!

◆

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil

cures [illegible], diphtheria, croup, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, felons, sores and frosted feet. Will stop the progress of cancers and tumors in their first stages. Is a grand remedy for catarrh and all head and throat diseases. Ask your druggist for it and get a full descriptive circular.

◆

A large woman, handsomely dressed, with plenty of jewelry, recently entered a horse car, where every seat was occupied. No one moved till at length an elderly gentleman slowly rose and offered her his seat. She took it deliberately with an air and said: "You are a gentleman—perfect gentleman. The rest are hogs!"

Woman Suffrage.

Mr. Editor.—People often wonder why it is that so many women now-a-days want to vote. There has been a strong movement in this direction lately among quiet, home-loving, christian women, who have not the slightest wish to hold office or to become professional politicians. This is a puzzle to many people. As Frances Willard says: "It means something when the women of the churches take this position." It means something, too, when men like Phillips Brooks, Joseph Cook, Robert Collyer and the late Bishop Simpson give the woman suffrage movement their support. Why do such women want suffrage? and why do such men think they ought to have it? A story that comes from Wyoming, where women vote, may help to answer the question.

A certain man was nominated for office. He was very popular with his party and was elected by a large majority. He was a man who occasionally drank. After he was elected the habit grew upon him and he became more careless about showing it. He went into saloons by daylight and was several times seen on the street the worse for liquor. The leading politicians of his party did not care; but the women who were his neighbors did. When his term of office expired he was renominated. The women held no caucus and made no public demonstration. One woman put on her sunbonnet, went over to her next door neighbor's and had a quiet talk with her. The neighbor in turn put on her sunbonnet and did the same with her next door neighbor. When election day came the intemperate candidate found himself defeated to his great amazement. He knew he had done nothing to offend his party, and was at a loss to account for his defeat, till one of his lady friends, by a few quiet words, let light in upon him. She said: "We could not let you go back, you were setting a bad example to our boys."

A good many women outside of Wyoming would be glad of a chance to say with authority to the men in high high places who are setting a bad example to their boys. "We cannot let you go back."

A Woman.

◆

Attention is called to the little adv. elsewhere of Dawes & Foss, Crete, Nebraska. A safe, solid reliable firm. Mr. Dawes is Governor of the State of Nebraska and Mr. Foss president of the State Bank of Nebraska. Money invested with them at 7 per cent. [illegible]

◆

A Suggestion Regarding Car Coupling.

The car coupler question is rapidly coming to the front, says an exchange. Several Western and New England roads are now testing self-car couplers on their trains. There are a thousand of them, and each new one "beats all the rest," but none of them will save fingers, heads, hands, arms and lives. The new device promises to do all this. Coupling is a dangerous occupation and deserves the special attention of the inventor. Our local railway managers are looking into the device, and right here we would suggest that before any road decide on what car coupler they will take there should be a meeting called of prominent railroad men to fully consider the matter. It is of the greatest importance, so extensive the system of the roads, and so numerous the traffic agreements and freight in transfer of the cars of one road to another, that a uniform self-car-coupler should be adopted. It is a thousand times easier to adjust this problem than that of adopting standard time, which has met with such universal favor. The roads owe it to their train employees to take strong grounds in this matter, so great is the fatality among men who handle freight.

◆

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil

Is the best remedy on the continent for the permanent cure of most of the diseases to which flesh is heir. Ask your Druggist for it, and send for a descriptive circular enclosing stamp to Boston Vital Oil Co., P. O. Box 1737, Boston, Mass.

◆

Chased by a Spider.

The king of the spiders on the pampas is not a Mygale, but a Lycosa of extraordinary size, light gray in color, with a black ring around its middle. It is active and swift, and irritable to such a degree that one can scarcely help thinking that in this species nature has overshot her mark. When a person passes near one—say within three or four yards of its lurking-place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of 30 or 40 yards. I came once very near being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me. The gauchos have a very quaint ballad which tells that the city of Cordova was once invaded by an army of monstrous spiders, and that the townspeople went out, with beating drums and flags flying, to repel the invasion, and that after firing several volleys they were forced to turn and fly for their lives. I have no doubt that a sudden great increase of the man-chasing spiders, in a year exceptionally favorable to them, suggested this fable to some rhyming satirist of the town.—[The Gentleman's Magazine.

◆

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil

Is the best remedy to keep in the house in case of emergency. It is a general and grand specific. It will not harm the smallest infant. Ask your druggist for it and get a full descriptive circular.

To the Young Bloods.

We commend to young bloods the following from the current number of the Scientific American:

Dr. N. B. Richardson of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what did it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay on the lounge, and said, "Will you take it again?"

He replied, "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply that by 8 (hours of rest), and, within a fraction, it is 5000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing 6 ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow that rest; for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and, instead of getting this rest, you put in something like 15,000 extra strokes. And the result is, you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."

◆

J. H. Porter, M. D.,

has been in medical practice for more than 10 years. Can be consulted by letter or otherwise, upon any curable disease, of either male or female, at his residence, 21 Cross St., Charlestown, Mass. Rupture permanently cured in from 60 to 120 days

◆

Saved by a Cigar.

Bob Ingersoll tells — in private though—a good story at his own expense, but one which should be enjoyed by the world at large.

It seems that while Ingersoll was in Cleveland, soon after his successful legal fight for the star routers, a sort of anti-tobacco crusade had been started in that city, and a well-known Boston scientist was delivering nightly lectures against the use of the dangerous weed. The speaker invited others to argue the question with him, but, although the smokers were largely in the majority, the Boston man invariably proved too clever for the debators brought against him.

Availing themselves of Ingersoll's presence, some of his friends begged the great orator to take up the cudgel in behalf of the tobacco users; which he condescended to do, more as a joke than for any serious reason. That evening the hall was jammed, and, when the lecturer requested an answer to his arguments, Bob solemnly arose, and said he would reply to the statement of his eloquent friend by the relation of a simple incident. He said:

"I was once attending to a mining case in one of the wildest and most lawless regions of Utah. A murder had recently been committed by a notorious thief, and a committee of local vigilants were watching for him at every cross-road. Just after night-fall I was riding back to the town from the mine, mounted on a white horse. The vigilants had received information that the desperado in question would pass that very road the same evening, also riding on a white horse.

The posse had ambushed themselves in some chapparal, and as I came down the bridle-path they got ready to fire all together—for they waste no time on trials in that section. Entirely unconscious that half a dozen shot guns were sighting my shirt front, I stopped my horse, struck a match, and proceeded to light my cigar. Thinking that the light would give them a still better mark to shoot at, the concealed party held their fire for a second. In that second the blaze of the match reflected on my features revealing that they were not those of the man they awaited, and stepping out on the road they congratulated me on my narrow escape. And so, ladies and gentlemen, if I had not had the good fortune to be a smoker I wouldn't be here now."

"And you call that fortune?" grimly asked the anti-tobacco lecturer, after the applause had subsided.

"Wasn't it?" inquired Bob, with a plaintive smile.

"I don't see it," thundered his opponent. "If it hadn't been for that miserable cigar, there would have been one less lawyer in the world."

And amid the roar that followed Ingersoll sat down completely knocked out in one round.

◆

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York city, via Grand Central Depot, save Baggage, Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said Depot. [illegible] elegant rooms [illegible] Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

◆

There are 158,065 Freemason lodges in the world, with a membership of 14,185,548.

A Wonderful Work.

A remarkable mechanical work on which he has been engaged for eight years has just been completed by August Damrath, a shoemaker of Utica, and is thus described by the Herald of that city: "The piece is mounted on a platform thirteen by six feet. In the centre of this platform is a small three horse power engine, supplied with steam from a small boiler in the same room. About one and a half horse power is required to set all the figures in operation. At the ends of the platform are two houses, each six feet square. On the top of one of the houses is a pagoda surmounted with the figures of Atlas and the eagle. In the pagoda is an orchestra of six performers, all of whom go through the movements of playing when the machine is in operation. In two smaller pagodas are the figures of a spinner, weaver, ropemaker and his assistants at work at their respective trades. The second floor of the house is a perfect hive of industry, and through the windows one sees men at work at various trades. Each trade is in a room by itself, and there are usually two or three figures in the room. The trades represented on this floor are: Cigar maker, dentist, barber, turner, cooper, bookbinder, low bench shoemaker, tailor, watchmaker, jeweler, goldsmith and artist. Not only do the figures go through the movements of the trades they represent but some have other movements. The watchmaker, for instance, with a microscope glued in his eye, first scans a watch carefully and then turns half way round to watch his apprentice, who is at work near by. On the second floor in the centre there is an open court, in which appears the figure of Prince Bismark accompanied by a body guard of 25 fusiliers in uniform. These march about in a circle, and a sentinel guards the entrance to the court. In the rooms on this floor there are at work a wagonmaker, cabinetmaker, carpenter, machinist, locksmith and tinsmith. Even in the basement the men are not idle. Here may be found a horse-shoer, blacksmith, moulder, butcher killing a cow, baker and bricklayer, all as busily engaged as if they were being paid by the piece.

"The second building on the opposite end of the platform is as large as the first. In the tower which surmounts it there is a clock with four ground glass dials which can be illuminated like the city hall clock, the works being below the dials. In the room forming the base of the tower, seven figures are at work making 'cacks' or infants' shoes. The building proper is fitted up on its various floors like a shoe factory, and in it all the various branches of work done in a shoe factory are represented. There are stock-cutters, upper-cutters, girls at work at sewing machines fitting uppers, lasters, sole-sewing machine operators, heeler and leveler, trimmer, heel and forepart burnishers, buffer and finisher. The upper and sole sewing machines are of steel and operate in a manner similar to the large machines they represent. There are also in this establishment a book-keeper and two bosses. Altogether there are in the two houses nearly 200 working figures. They are all of wood, and carved by hand. In each department there is a miniature lamp which can be filled with oil and lighted. There are fifty of these lamps, and when they are lighted the illumination will be complete.

Although he has been at work on this curiosity a very long time, Mr. Damrath has kept the knowledge of it from the public, and there are but few of his neighbors who know of his work. He is to be congratulated on his patience and perseverance as well as his mechanical skill.

◆

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil

Will not soil the finest fabric, explode, nor take fire. Is taken into the system by absorption. Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Weeks & Potter, Carter, Harris & Hawley, Smith, Doolittle & Smith, Cutler Bros., agts. for Boston; B. F. Stacy, a. t. for Charlestown.

Sold at Retail by all Druggists for 50c. and $1 per bottle.

◆

The death of the great publisher, Nicholas Trubner, was sudden and pathetic in its circumstances. He had given a dinner party the night before, had seemed perfectly well, and had greatly enjoyed himself. He slept quietly all night, and, waking at six in the morning, complained to Mrs. Trubner of a pressure on his heart. She brought to him some simple remedy, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips in lover-like gratitude—and in an instant was gone.

◆

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton writes from London that, at a ball there, among many pretty women the very prettiest was Oscar Wilde's young wife. She wore a wreath of white lilies round her lovely dark hair, her dark eyes were bright, her cheeks glowed, and she looked "as happy as love and wealth and beauty, all three, could make a girl." She had a fan to which were attached masses of lilies.

◆

Prof. Austin Phelps, D. D., says that death is to all minds alike a dread, appalling presence, from its first conception till life's close. Say what men may of it, all men fear it. He declares that the most devout Christian and the most sensuous skeptic recoil from it, resist it, put it out of sight, struggle to forget it to the last. "It is the one overwhelming terror of every human life."

◆

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil

cannot be equalled for the cure of all weaknesses of the spine and limbs, stiff and lame joints and weak sinews. Is a sovereign remedy for heart disease. Ask your druggist for it and get a full descriptive circular. Boston Vital Oil Co., P. O. Box 1737, Boston, Mass.

A FEROCIOUS BEAR FIGHT.

In the western pit a great, savage old cinnamon bear was in company with five small black bears, all about the same age—two-thirds grown—twenty months old. Uncle John Robinson presented this big bear to the Garden, and he says it is a cinnamon bear, one of the most ferocious species next to the grizzly. When with the show he was troublesome, and it was always found necessary to keep him chained in his cage. Be it said to big cinnamon's credit that he has lived in the Garden for a year with the five little bears on terms of intimacy and good fellowship. But the little ones were grown almost into full sized bears, rivals of old Cinnamon—as we shall call him. It is supposed that visitors threw food into the pit, and that the little ones, being nimbler than old Cinnamon, got more than he did, and this excited his jealousy. Be this so or otherwise, at five o'clock yesterday afternoon old Cinnamon mounted the most active of the little bears, and then commenced a fight such as human eyes seldom look upon.

Two of the four other bears climbed the snag of a tree set up in the pit, a third clambered up the iron gate, and the fourth paced around the pit in a tremor of terror. The noise of the conflict drew a crowd to the scene, many of whom were ladies. The latter frequently turned away from the scene, but, drawn by some overpowering force, returned to it again. Cinnamon's style of fighting was to seize his adversary by the throat, just back of the ear and quartering under the jaw, close upon him like a steel trap and hold him down, shaking occasionally with short shakes, but always bearing down and holding fast. The little one, which was only half or two-thirds the weight of his assailant, shrieked most human-like. At first his cries were appalling, like the words, "Take care! take care!" but they soon faded into a succession of hoarse, gurgling sounds, half sigh and half shriek. At first the keeper, Mr. John Nordheim, tried the effect of punching with a pole to make bruin quit his hold, but it was no go. He next threw a lot of fresh fish in right under his nose, but the bait did not take; then the water was thrown on him—a big stream from a hose. The little, lacerated blacky got up and made circles around the cage, shrieking and crying at a terrible rate, while the bear on the gate bars and the two perched in the tree shook like blown leaves, as if fearing their turn would come next. The little one, though, that had stood on the floor a looker-on all the while, crouched in a corner, half in defiance and half in fear. Old Cinnamon ate his fish, and then returned to little bear. The little fellow jumped into the pool, and old Cinnamon pounced on him to drown him, as the spectators feared. Again the hose was applied. Old Cinnamon did not seem to mind it. He tugged little blacky out of the pool and commenced chewing him up.

At this moment John Nordheim bolted into the den, armed with a long-handled heavy spade. "Oh, don't go in," shouted men and shrieked women, but he had passed the portals. Thud, thud, thud—three thuds of the shovel on bruin's head released little blacky, but turned Cinnamon on brave John Nordheim, who had nothing but a spade. Thud, thud—down went Cinnamon, and up he got again and staggered close to little blacky, and opened the fight again. Thud, thud, thud—thick and heavy fell the blows on old Cinnamon's skull. The old beast loosened his hold and ran into the dungeon next the pit. "Unlock that gate," shouted Nordheim to Mr. Tenner, "and I will lock him up for good now." Mr. Tenner obeyed, and Nordheim shut the door.

Once the door was securely shut, it was amusing to see the four frightened but unhurt bears leave their posts and strut up to that door, then stride around the cage after the style of Mose, as much as to say, "Won't somebody please knock a chip off my shoulder? Around and around they marched, returning to the door, smelling it, feeling it cautiously, and rearing up against it, as if to make sure that all was safe, then strutting off, Falstaff-like, when the danger was gone.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

BEARS CATCHING FISH.

Very few people know that bears take to water naturally. They roam over the mountains and through the forests, dig open rotten logs for ants and worms, and secure all the hornets' nests they can and tear them to peices, and eat the young grubs, pick berries of all descriptions and eat them, and would seem to belong to the dry land animals. The fact is different. They love the water, not perhaps as well as the moose and deer, but better than most dry land animals. They are very fond of fish and are expert fishermen, and show more cunning and instinct, if not reason, than many city chaps I have seen about the lakes. I came suddenly upon a very large bear in a thick swamp, lying upon a large hollow log across a brook fishing, and he was so much interested in his sport that he did not notice me until I had approached very near to him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and played his fish. He fished in this wise:—There was a large hole through the log on which he lay, and he thrust his forearm through the hole and held his open paw in the water and waited for the fish to gather around and into it, and when full he clutched his fist and brought up a handful of fish, and sat and ate them with great gusto; then down with the paw again, and so on. The brook was fairly alive with little trout and red-sided suckers and some black suckers, so the old fellow let himself out on the fishes. He did not eat their heads. There was quite a pile of them upon the log. I suppose the oil in his paw attracted the fish and baited them ever better than a fly hook, and his toenails were his hooks, and sharp ones, too, and once grabbed, the fish are sure to stay. They also catch frogs in these forest brooks, and drink of the pure water in hot summer days, and love to lie and wallow in the muddy swamps, as well as our pigs in the mire.

They often cross narrow places in lakes by swimming, and also rivers, and seem to love to take a turn in the water. I once saw one swimming from the main land to the big island in Mooselucmagantic lake, with just a streak of his back out of the water, looking like a log moving along. Sometimes you see only their heads out of the water; at other times half of their bodies are to be seen. We account for this difference by their condition. If fat, the grease helps buoy them up; if lean, they sink lower in the water.

The Comet Wine.

It is a remarkable fact, the cause of which have not yet been ascertained by savants, that, in Europe, nearly every year which has seen a comet appearing in the horizon, has been celebrated for the quality of the vintage. In France there are still a few casks left of the wines of 1811, and those happy mortals who have tasted it proclaim loudly that it is not inferior to the nectar drank by the Olympian divinities. The vintage of 1825 and 1826 was nearly equal in superiority to that of 1811; in those years, comets had made their appearance, and very hot weather had prevailed. Evidently the latter had more to do with the quality of the wine than the celestial ramblings of the former. Everybody who has travelled through, or inhabited, the grape countries of Europe, knows that if small rains are necessary in Spring to develop and enlarge the grape, hot weather is still more necessary in June, July and August to sweeten "the September broth," as Rabelais called the liquid product of the vintage crop. This year the Goggia comet seems to have already exercised—together with hot temperature—its usual influence in France, where the wine crop prospects are splendid. The same occurrence will happen also in Germany, at least in the famous Rhine wine producing provinces. The vintage in the Rhine and Moselle districts, especially where the highest class of wines are produced, is likely to compensate for the disastrous years of 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872 and 1873. In the favored spot known as the Rheingau no such quantity has been recorded since the celebrated comet year of 1811. At one time it was apprehended that the early May frosts had, as in former years, committed much damage among the vines; but these fears have long been dispelled, and there is now, we learn the fairest promise that the vintage of 1874 will be an exceptionally grand one both in quantity and quality. Such delicate little attentions to wine drinkers on the part of these erratic heavenly bodies are the more appreciated because we are not always able to count upon them. Since 1811 not by any means all of the numerous comets which have appeared in this country have been careful to perpetuate their memoirs by their handsome presents of wine. The comet of 1811, above referred to, that of 1823-24, and Donati's comet of 1858, with the magnificent claret vintage which followed it, are the principal comets which can be held in grateful remembrance for their effects upon wine.

REMARKABLE CONTENTS OF A COD'S STOMACH.

Mr. Rackstraw, fishmonger, Sussex Place, Brompton, England, has kindly presented to Mr. Edon, for my fish exhibition, the contents of a cod's stomach. This curious object is a mass consisting of a tangled mass of horsehair and string, the fibres of which are matted and intertwined well together by means of no less than ten fish-hooks. All these are small hooks except two which are much larger. It is a remarkable thing that the points of all these hooks are turned upward. I confess I cannot quite account for the presence of so many hooks in the stomach of this cod, except that the cod who owned the stomach had somehow or another managed to get hold of haddocks or whiting caught on hooks, and in whose bodies the hooks still remained. The flesh of the whitings or haddocks had been entirely digested by the juices of the cod's stomach; the horsehair and metal of the hooks, however, resisted its action. That haddock and whiting have frequently hooks left in them is well known to all those who have the care of seals. Sea fish-hooks are very cheap, and the fishermen, rather than take the trouble to extract the hook from the fish's mouth, very frequently cut off the "snood" or line to which the fish is attached, and let the hook remain in situ. The seal swallows the fish-hook and all, the hook gets entangled in the poor seal's intestines, and, of course, proves fatal. The cod is what is generally called a "voracious" fish. I have now in my museum a portion of a tallow candle, about seven inches long, that was taken from a cod's stomach. This was presented to me by Mr. Grove, of Charing Cross. Mr. Rackstraw has lately sent me a pair of sailor's mits, also taken from a cod's stomach.

Ling are also very voracious. Mr. Henry Ffennell, son of the late lamented Inspector of Fisheries, has in his possession a pewter flask which was found in the stomach of a ling taken off Bandon Head, County Kerry, Ireland. It contained two glasses of whisky. How long it had been in the ling's stomach is not known. Pike are frequently found with stones in their stomachs. In fact, both pike and cod will fly at and swallow anything moving or falling quickly through the water.

Frank Buckland.

When the steamship Javad, which was wrecked near Jeddah, struck, the passengers Mussulman pilgrims, several hundreds in number tied the captain and officers to the masts, said their prayers and went down philosophically.

Soft and pliable woods, such as pine, willow, alder, &c., require the use of large saw teeth with acute points and considerable pitch; whereas, hard woods, or those of tougher or denser consistence, such as oak, mahogany, rosewood, &c., necessitated the adoption of teeth of a perpendicular pitch diminished space. Yellow deal, pitch pine, larch, and some others, are of gummy and a resinous character that the teeth not only require more set, but the blades themselves have to be smeared with grease to keep them cool, and to decrease the friction arising from the adherence of rosin during motion, which latter is so great a disadvantage. Similar results are experienced in working soft woods—the teeth become choked by the damp consolidated sawdust, and are consequently unable to perform their duty without extra force.

By simply altering the figures on the face of an ordinary stop watch, this instrument has been made to render service as a distance measurer. The purpose is to place in the hands of the army officer a convenient instrument by which the distance of an enemy's battery may be determined. When awaiting the flash of the enemy's gun, the officer stands, watch in hand, with the pointer marking zero; the instant the flash is seen, the pointer is released, to be stopped when the sound of the report is heard. By this means the distance is indicated. But notwithstanding the accuracy of the instrument, it is evident that the season of the year, the direction of the wind, and the atmosphere, are important factors, and, to the aid of the observer in this several scales are used.

Melange.

It is a wise man who can recognize his wood-cut portrait in the enterprising newspaper.

A Cincinnati fraud is advertising "Drunkness Cured for $100," and those who bite are advised to drink water.

"Do boys or girls make the most noise?" enquires the Williamsport Grit. This is one of those painful questions which we feel constrained to answer in the affirmative.

To enable ladies to view the dresses of other of their sex as they come into church, a Western man has invented a seat which is set on a pivot. This saves much neck straining.

An exchange says a man begins to occupy half a seat when he gets married. This is true; and after the first baby comes he begins to occupy half of the outside bed-rail.

An advertiser in a down east paper, asking for patronage in a business which he has just started, closes with the sentence, "Prices reasonable until I get established."

"I wish my wife wasn't a politician," said Snifkins, sadly. "Why," asked his friend. "Is she a democrat?" "No, she's a bolter—she won't let me in after half-past ten o'clock at night."

An old farmer, who wrote to an editor asking how to get rid of moles, and received the reply "plow them out," answered back: "Can't do it. It's on my gal's nose."

"Do you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the colonel. "No," responded the major, "unless it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milkman works the pump handle."

Arkansaw Traveller: The cruelty of woman's criticism sometimes goes beyond life. "Did you ever see a more natural corpse than Mrs. Todson?" asked a lady of a friend. "Such a contented smile." "Contented smile!" repeated the friend; "it was all put on."

When the marriage ceremony was over the parson was approached by the groom with the question, "What's the damage, elder?"

New Yorkers are in a bad way. The water department wants them to use less water, and the temperance people urge them to consume less beer and whiskey. They will have to drink gin.

A banana-skin lay on the grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the scales, peeking over the edge of the counter. "Oh, I'm lying in wait for the grocer." "Pshaw," said the scales, "I've been doing that for years."

In the Auburn prison choir the first tenor is a murderer, while bass and soprano are merely burglars. This bears out what we have previously remarked about amateur tenors.

Boy—Five cents worth of soda. Druggist—You want the super-carbonate, I suppose? Boy—See here, mister, I don't want none of your chemical airs; wat I want is s-o-d-y—soda.

"Johnny," said the editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school?" "No," replied the youngest, who had studied the paternal sheet, "I am registered as second-class mail matter."

Says the Oil City Derrick, "The debt of Boston increased during the year $1,485,477. This comes of putting molasses in baked bean." The Derrick doesn't know beans; hence its mistake. The real cause was putting champagne into Common Councilmen.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large slices of bread and jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy, who was enjoying his tea. "Yes," was the reply, "but she would be still better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself."

◆

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil

makes a positive cure of Rheumatism, Cures Neuralgia every time. Ask your druggist for it and get a full descriptive circular of home testimonials of its remarkable cures around Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

PENSIONS to Soldiers and Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C. 35-tf

ONE CENT will secure KNOX'S INVESTORS' GUIDE, telling all about 7 per cent. mortgages in Eastern and Central Kansas. Send a postal, requesting one. They have invested money for [illegible] ministers, and hundreds of others and can give satisfaction. Address JOHN D. KNOX & CO., Topeka, Kansas. [illegible]

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SAVANNAHS, $1.50 per 100. Pure tobacco, long filled. Equal in quality to any 10-cent cigar. For sale at 117 Summer st., room 4, Boston, Mass. MATTHEW COX. 33-4*

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Will re-open Thursday, September 11, 1884. Application for circulars and information may be made at the OREAD.
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jly5yr2meow

The Land of the Afternoon.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
Watching the sunlit western sky;
What sees he in the blue depth there,
Where only the tints of beauty lie?
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
He has found the Land of the Afternoon.

* * *

Compelled to Declare.

"If I only dared," the little widow murmured in great indecision. "I am ever so sorry for the gentleman; but I am not quite sure what he would think about it, you know."

"Sure, what else would he be thinking, but that ye mean to be neighborly?" Mrs. McGarry said encouragingly as she paused in her sweeping, and rested her chubby red chin on the handle of her broom. "Sure ye are no girl to be teasing the poor man with giddy nonsense, though ye do look young enough, as we all says. And, saving your presence, ye have a swate countenance, and a nice, airy way that is very comforting to the sick and grieving. Go along with ye, and take the sup of broth to the poor man like the obliging dear ye are."

"But he has always seemed to avoid me so," Mrs. Josie Eames returned irresolutely.

"Sure, it is only the way he has with us all," Mrs. McGarry argued, as she slowly resumed her sweeping. "But all the same he is a rale gentleman, always ready with his nod, and never bothers nobody. Indeed he is a rare decent body, though he has never one of his own to come nigh him, and he is ailing alone there like that. It is I who would go to him myself only for the work of me b'ys and Mary Jane always gone. Sure, now, what objection can ye have to cheer the poor sick soul and nurse him up a bit?"

"I have no objections at all," the girlish widow answered. "I am only afraid I shall seem too officious and annoy him perhaps."

"Indeed ye will not, then," Mrs. McGarry averred as she swept the last step of the narrow basement stairs.

The next instant her ruddy face and ungainly figure had disappeared in an adjoining apartment, and Mrs. Josie Eames went back to her own room. It was a tiny place, delightfully neat, and almost elegant with its tasteful pictures and pretty ornaments, and the dainty feminine arrangement of everything.

"Mr. Poinsett ought not be vexed with me," she thought, uneasily, as she made ready a tray of delicacies for the indisposed individual, whose loneliness had so excited her womanly sympathy. "But men are sometimes so suspicious—so apt to suspect that a little kind attention means so much," she added, reflectively.

She was a rather prim little thing, and a zealous stickler for the proprieties; and she felt timid and almost guilty as she tapped softly at the door of Mr. Poinsett, who had always to her seemed a somewhat formidable personage.

"Come in," he called, so quickly that the pretty hands holding the modest salver shook in her sudden perturbation. He was sitting in a great chair before a doubtful fire, and he looked so lonely and miserable, and quite as irritable as a man in illness is supposed to be.

"O, it is you, is it?" he ungraciously muttered, with a quick and impatient glance at Josie's hesitating countenance.

"Mrs. McGarry desired me to fetch you some broth," she faltered, blushing violently at her small equivocation. "She has so little time herself you know."

"And you always have plenty of leisure, no doubt," he returned, with grim sarcasm.

Josie's dark eyes flashed for an instant, but she would not be angry with him now, when he sorely needed human kindness and gentle forbearance.

"I always have leisure for what is neighborly," she said pleasantly, as she moved about the room in her graceful and unobtrusive way, adjusting a curtain that was awry, a chair that had been misplaced, tidying and brightening everything with her deft and housewifely touches.

Presently, as she brushed the ancient dust from a pile of books on a dingy little table, her luckless hand overturned some object that fell crashing and rattling to her feet.

"O, what have I done?" she cried, in consternation.

"You have overturned my chess-box, I should say," Mr. Poinsett observed, with mild satire.

"O, I am so sorry," she exclaimed with a rueful glance at the floor, where kings and queens and bishops were lying in ignominious confusion. "But it is not the first time that crowns and mitres have been treated with unprofitable disrespect, is it?" she added, with abrupt gayety.

The comment pleased him; he smiled, and this smile, as the sun-smile of a stern countenance mostly is, was beautiful.

"There is no harm done," he said quite civilly. And then in a suddenly excited tone he added: "Chess and I have become strangers of late—as estranged as everything else for which I once cared when I had youth and health, friends and a home. I was foolishly fond of the game once."

"And I am so still," Josie admitted cheerfully. "And a game might do you good," she continued, half dismayed at the temerity of her own suggestion.

"So it might," he assented with surprising animation. "I believe you do it only to be kind to me," he said [illegible], "even if I am so surly and may have seemed so thankless."

That game was the beginning of many; and over the chess Mr. Poinsett began to perceive that the prim and shy Mrs. Eames was marvelously pretty, that she was a sensible and unassuming little woman, who somehow was making herself very necessary and dear to him.

He never dreamed that she could possibly care for him. For was he not shy and unprepossessingly ugly, peevish and half an invalid? Might he not as well hope [illegible] as expect to bind her fresh young heart to his cold and unlovely existence?

"To think of him would be to lose her altogether," he told himself; "and I cannot afford to frighten away the sweet little ghost of her comfort and gladness in my loneliness."

And so he ever maintained toward her a persistent reserve, that Mrs. Josie Eames herself was beginning to consider cruel and altogether unjustifiable.

"He behaves toward me as if I were a silly girl, who cannot value the sincere affection of a man, just because he happens to have a few wrinkles and not much money," she thought, resentfully. "He is so diffident, so distrustful of himself that he will not even surmise that I appreciate him. And I had believed that all men are conceited," she concluded, in this score of her older convictions.

She was hurrying rather absently along the dim and narrow hall, and just then her heedless feet stumbled over some slight thing, and the next second she fell headlong down the steep, hard stairs.

For a little time everything to her was black, void silence; and when at length she regained her senses, she knew that she was lying in her own room, although she could not perceive those who had gathered about her.

"Why is there no light?" she asked, faintly, bewildered yet, and vaguely fearful of something she knew not what.

"True, it is blind she is then," Mrs. McGarry wailed, incautiously. "The light has gone out her swate eyes forever. Sure, me cousin here is a knowledgeable doctor, and what he says is throe for ye."

"Blind," the poor little widow murmured, with a shudder.

And then for a long time she lay quite still, wondering if indeed the doom of the sightless had befallen her.

And presently as she lay there, deeming herself alone again, perhaps quite forsaken, as the sightless sometimes are, a deep sigh sounded from a distant corner of the room. She lifted her aching, sluggish lids and—amazed that her awful blindness had suddenly gone like a swift and harmless nightmare—she beheld Mr. Poinsett.

"Mr. Poinsett," she began, with a transcendent inspiration that was roguish, despite the pain that tormented her bruised little body, "are you so sorry that we shall have no more chess together? Could I not learn to play without my sight, do you think?"

He went over to her and placed a gentle hand pityingly over the pretty eyes, which had a clearer vision than he dreamed.

"I was not thinking of the chess," he said, almost reproachfully. "I was thinking of you. I was wishing that so sad a misfortune might have come to me, who have lived out the best years of my life, rather than to you whose best years have just begun."

"But I am not a child," she protested, with a soft emphasis that thrilled him; "and you have never seemed at all elderly to me. And I am sure," she pursued, slyly, blushing at the audacity of her metaphor, "that I am no more blind than you have been. I mean I saw long ago what you would not speak. I mean—"

She stammered and stopped. The prim little woman had shocked herself with her own boldness.

But he comprehended her meaning, sufficiently well, and in an instant he had drawn the pretty, bandaged head close to his heart with all the passionate gladness of the most enraptured and youthful lover.

"Then I shall be the guide and companion of your darkened way," he said, speaking with rapid eagerness; "and, after all, your affliction may be remedied. I am not quite so impecunious as our good Mrs. McGarry has presumed," he explained. "I have quite a competence, and I shall secure a more skillful medical attendant—some experienced oculist, who—"

"I shall not need him," she interrupted, smiling at his look of surprise and gratification. "That dreadful sensation of blindness was but momentary. If I had any doubts about my sight, I should never allow you to burden yourself with my helplessness."

"I don't know about that," he said, with a new accent of possession and authority that amused her.

"But then you do know, dear," she used to say sweetly to him, after they were happily married, "you do know you would never have had courage to propose to me. I actually obliged you to declare yourself."

"Then you obliged me to do what has made me the happiest man in the world," he declared in all sincerity.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Thackeray said that the first money he had ever received in literature (under what circumstances he did not say, but they must have been droll ones) was from Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds. For my own part, I may, so far, be said to have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, for my literary godfather was no less a person than Leigh Hunt. In the flesh, I regret to say, I never knew him; but as a boy I had an admiration for him that was akin to love. I suppose no writer has ever preached the love of books so eloquently as he has done, or gained more disciples. He had a most kind and gracious nature, which was still used to obscurity. Culture is much more common nowadays than it was in his time, and unless the nature of the soil be genuine, very little comes of such "top dressing." Leigh Hunt combined with his "fine brain" the tenderest of human hearts. His ignorance of business and [illegible] his poverty made him [illegible] an object of ridicule. Dickens used to keep three sovereigns in a little pocket on his mantelpiece, which he called "Leigh Hunt's sovereigns," because he occasionally lent them to him, and [illegible] to narrate the circumstance to all whom it did not concern. Hunt would have lent him 2,000 sovereigns, had he possessed them, and never disclosed the circumstance. There was nothing in his literary life which Dickens regretted so much as the unintentional wrong he did Leigh Hunt in his portrait of Harold Skimpole. It was true that he drew one side of it from his friend, but the other side, the selfishness and the baseness, had naught to do with him. They were indeed so utterly opposed to his character that it seemed to Dickens that no one could associate them with the original of the picture. Nothing is more common than for a novelist to paint in this way and for the very purpose of the concealment of identity; but in this case the likeness was, in some points, too striking to escape recognition, and the others were [illegible], whereas both painter and sitter were equally pained.

CURIOUS WORK OF A STREAM.

The vagaries of a river—the Recca, of Hungary—are described in a recent publication as follows: A chalk formation nearly four hundred feet high crosses the river bed. The water has overcome this wall and cut its way through. It passes a chimney-shaped shaft in this mountain which extends to the top of the mountain and has an opening thirty feet in diameter. After another hundred yards the stream crosses the floor of a doline (or sinkhole) four hundred feet broad, and then, after crossing a narrow ledge, enters the great doline of St. Canzian. Here the steep, frequently impending rocks on three sides form a gigantic kettle, the western wall of which falls perpendicularly more than five hundred feet. On the southern side a turf-covered slope descends toward the bed of the river, to end abruptly in a precipice of nearly two hundred and fifty feet. Having twice bored the hills for relatively short distances, the Recca continues its course till it meets the rock-wall a third time and excavates a third subterranean channel, this time of thirty-five kilometres, or twenty-two miles. This is the Recca Cave proper, and from it the stream emerges near [illegible] di Duino into the [illegible] river, though a short one, the Timavo, the mystery of the origin of which has been solved by this tracing of the course of its main affluent.

A SILENT ARGUMENT.

Long ago there flourished in Persia an academy called that of Silence, whose members cultivated a vast amount of thought, very little writing, and no talking at all. The number of academicians was strictly limited to 100. One of the members died, and at that very time there was living at the other extremity of Persia a most learned man, Zeeb by name. No sooner had he heard of the vacancy in the academy of silence than, seized with a laudable desire of filling it, he posted up as fast as horse could carry him. Meanwhile a court favorite, renowned for his talking propensities, had been installed in the vacant place. The consternation of the fellows may there be imagined when the learned Zeeb sent in his name as craving admittance. The president determined to give him an audience in full council to show their regret. Zeeb, therefore, was ushered in, and the president, taking a glass, filled it so full of water as it could possibly hold, so that another drop would cause it to overflow. Zeeb understood the allegory, but, seeing a rose leaf lying on the floor, he picked it up and placed it gently on the water, which did not run over. The members were so charmed at this that they instantly admitted him a member, regardless of all rules to the contrary. The book was brought for him to sign his name in, which he did, adding the number 100, and then prefixing a nought thus, 0,100; showing that the number and worth of the academy were not increased by his admittance. However, the president, charmed with so much modesty in so learned a man, scratched out the nought and added a one in its place, 1,100—thus implying that the academical worth was increased tenfold by his presence.

THE WOOD-WORKER'S ART.

The art of wood-working is the oldest of the means whereby man gratified his vanity or his eye, and the one which, even among savages, still maintains its former excellence. The New Zealander's club and the ancient Aztec's gods, the Hydah Indian's pipes and the paddles of the Polynesian canoe-man, are marvels of carving, executed with the rudest tools, or with bits of obsidian or sharpened shell, which the civilized workman would scarcely recognize as worthy of the name. The few travelers who have penetrated the mysterious Kaffir country of Central Asia describe entire villages, composed of wooden houses, elaborately carved on post and pillar. Until the fear of fire led to the use of iron and stone as building materials, and the disuse of wood reacted prejudicially on wood-carving, such towns were common in Europe and remnants of them may still be seen in [illegible], Chester and Coventry.

As communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. [illegible] de la Croix, the great earthquake wave of Aug. 27, the effect of the memorable Krakatoa catastrophe, seems to have been propagated across the Indian Ocean at the prodigious speed of not less than [illegible] miles per minute, or 1,000 kilometres per hour.

Tests of the electric light on board the German iron-clad squadron dispose of the idea that the new illuminant is any protection against the attacks of torpedo boats. These miniature marine warriors not only could approach quite unperceived the huge fortresses afloat, but the rays of the electric arc served as a guide to the aim of the torpedo-bearing craft.

Gen. Berdan is said to have invented a new fuse for shell projectiles, which cannot fail to effect explosion at the right moment. The principle involved consists in utilizing the rotary motion of the projectile to ignite a fuse after the former has made a certain number of revolutions. The rifling of the gun determines the space passed over in each revolution, thus permitting the adjustment.

Solidification of nitrogen, according to an experiment by M. S. Wroblewski by means of boiling oxygen, is effected at an approximate temperature of [illegible] C. He [illegible] declines to explain the process by which he arrives at the result in detail; but he adds that when subjected to this intense degree of cold the nitrogen is slowly solidified and falls to the bottom of the vessel in which it is contained like flakes of snow of a very remarkable size.

A soft alloy which attaches itself so firmly to the surface of metals, glass, and porcelain that it can be employed to solder articles that will not bear high temperatures can, as the *Pharmaceutische Zeitung* asserts, be made as follows: Copper dust obtained by precipitation from a solution of the sulphate by means of zinc is put in a cast-iron or porcelain-lined mortar and mixed with strong sulphuric acid, specific gravity 1.85. From 20 to 30 or 36 parts of the dust are taken, according to the hardness desired. To the cake formed of acid and copper there is added, under constant stirring, 70 parts of mercury. When well mixed the amalgam is carefully rinsed with warm water to remove all the acid, and then set aside to cool. In 10 or 12 hours it is hard enough to scratch tin. If it is to be used now it is to be heated so hot that when worked over and kneaded in a mortar it becomes as soft as wax. In this ductile form it can be spread out on any surface, to which it adheres with great tenacity when it gets cold and hard.

LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the Polar seas. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains clash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until losing their equilibrium they tumble over in a cloud of spray, splintering the ice-fields, which fall afterward like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea-gulls fly away screaming, and often a black shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at thirty degrees above zero to forty-seven degrees below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is wind. At fifteen degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind it falls into a fine powder. This phenomenon is called sea-smoke. At forty degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke at once changes into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice which fill the air and make a light continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice which must be carefully removed before one can open them.

FIVE CENTS A DAY.

The cumulative power of money is a fact very generally appreciated. There are few men living at the age of 75, hanging on to existence by some slender employment, or pensioners, it may be, on the bounty of kindred or friends, but might, by exercising the smallest particle of thrift, rigidly adhered to in the past, have set aside a respectable sum which would materially help them to maintain their independence in their old age. Let us take the small sum of five cents, which we daily pay to have our boots blackened, to ride in a car the distance we are able to walk, or to procure a bad cigar we are better without, and see what its value is in the course of years. We will suppose a boy of fifteen, by blacking his own boots, or saving his car-fare, or going without his cherished cigarette, puts by five cents a day; in one year he saves $18.25, which being banked bears interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, compounded bi-yearly. On this basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of sixty-five, having set his five cents per day religiously aside during fifty years, the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less a sum than $3,903.17. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of thirty our hero had $395; at forty, $877; at fifty, $1,667; at sixty, $2,983. After fifteen years saving, his annual interest more than equals his original principal; in twenty-five years it is more than double; in thirty-five years it is four times as much; in forty-five years it is eight times as much, and the last year's interest is $80, or ten and a half times as much as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount saved in fifty years is $912.50, the difference between that and the grand total of $3,903.17—viz., $2,990.67, is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can be well represented in figures!

VENTILATION OF BED-ROOMS.

Says the *Herald of Health*: The necessity for ventilating the bed-room may be made very plain by a simple experiment. Weigh yourself before going to bed, and then again in the morning after rising, and you will find that you have lost from one to two or more pounds in weight. This loss is partly in water, but it is also partly in the carbon of our food—the butter, oil and starch which we ate on the preceding day. These substances have been burned up and their product carbonized, *i. e.*, with some animal matter has escaped into the air of the bed-room. Now, if a single ounce of cotton were to be burned in a bed-room it would fill the air with smoke so as to make respiration uncomfortable, and if this were repeated every hour during the night, even then it would not pollute the atmosphere more than the breath of a single individual during the same time. If two persons sleep in a room they pollute the air twice as much as when only one sleeps in it. About 2,000 gallons of fresh air should be admitted hourly for each person sleeping in a bed-room, in order to maintain a proper degree of purity. It is not enough to keep the windows open during the daytime; they must also be kept open during the night, or other methods equally efficient employed.

A DEAD MINING TOWN.

There is in Victoria, Australia, a town of ruined houses—Matlock. Its life began in 1864, with a rush of diggers. The last inhabitant left in 1879. In the fifteen years Matlock had found a fortune and seen it turn to dross. The diggers lost their wits as at Ballarat, lit their pipes with bank notes and played at skittles with bottles of wine. "On one occasion," says Mr. Sutherland, "two lucky diggers laid a wager about which of them should treat the assembly with the largest 'shout.' The first one ordered several dozens of the most expensive wines, far more than the company could be expected to drink with the utmost diligence. But the other completely eclipsed this effort by ordering out the landlord's whole stock of champagne, amounting to about two hundred bottles. It was brought and disposed of in every absurd way that [illegible] ingenuity could invent. This sort of conduct ruined many of the diggers." [illegible], the poor man who went out one day with his children's cries for bread ringing in his ears, and returned with the nugget ("Welcome Stranger") that sold for £10,000, was a man of good personal habits, but he soon fell into poverty. He did not know when he had enough. He invested his fortune in machinery and lost it all. He toiled on through life in poverty a hundred yards from the spot where a single stroke of his pick turned up a fortune.

The present with its duties, and the future with its hopes, are all we have to do with.

Sunbeams.

A matchless woman—an old maid.

Unbalanced Bale—Tipsy servant girls.

Prickly pairs—the average husband and wife.

Rather ambiguous is the report of the New York milk market—that it is flooded.

It is the baddest mustache, as well as the naughtiest child, that gets the most fondling.

The man whom the optician co-operates—The one who buys the second pair of eye-glasses.

A correspondent inquires if the opera "L'Elisir d'Amore" means "The Lovers of Elixir."

The Speaker of the House is generally called the chair, because he is sat down on so often.

Platform of the Union Convention—One flag, one wife, Independence and our butter made by hand.

"Of what did you say they convicted the doctor?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it was surgery."

A burglar got into the house of a lawyer the other day. After a terrible struggle the lawyer succeeded in robbing him.

It is said that an Iowa woman drank three quarts of cider in three minutes. After that she was quite beside herself.

"Where would we be without women?" asks a writer. We would be all right; but the little pug dog—where would it be?

"He that takes a wife takes care," says Franklin. Yes, he takes care that his wife doesn't catch him hugging the servant girl.

Simply because his cat brought home two or three fish, which she stole from a neighboring market, Briggs boasts that he got his mackerel by the kit.

"It seems to me," mused Algernon, as he flew toward the front gate with the old man behind him, "that there are more than three feet in a yard."

Out of print—the letter B. Greatly in demand—the letter D. Never out of office—the letter I. Forever in bed—L. Always in drink, but never intoxicated—K.

A strange fish, four feet long and with a mouth ten inches wide, was recently captured off Block Island. They are going to try and get it a position as minstrel end-man.

A man never gets thoroughly disgusted with love's young dream until he has given a girl a ring, and three days afterwards discovers that she has been to a jeweler to ascertain its real value.

"Was he a good citizen?" was asked of a lately deceased resident. "Well, the city's seen better ones, but there was one thing in his favor—he never got so drunk that he couldn't walk home."

"I've looked aroun' ober dis heah worl'," says Uncle Opie Read, "an' ef I've ebber found any use fur de grasshopper I dunno know it; but den I dunno know dat de grasshopper hab ebber foun' any use fur me."

"How in the world did they come to name you Susanna?" asks Mrs. Black. "Really, I don't know how precisely," replied the young lady, very demurely; "but I suspect it was because I happened to be a girl."

Dumas fils is sometimes severe. The conversation had turned upon Mrs. X., who had been very beautiful. "She has something of a goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas, "antiquity."

Miss Annie Huggup is one of the players in the Salem ladies' polo team. She is the "rusher" of the club, and when the captain calls out, "Now Huggup," it completely paralyzes the young men in the opposing team.

A question for puzzle solvers: "In waltzing with a young lady not over seventeen years, pretty and one of the never-get-dizzy sort, does the young man go around the lady, or does the young lady go around the young man?"

A dash, a crash. 'Twas awful rash, but the roller skates upset her. A slip, a rip, she cut her lip, but the next time she'll do better. A slide she tried; the skates were snide; they proved to be a fetter. No more she'll scar the rink all o'er, because her ma won't let her.

"Yes," said Fogg, to the author of an unknown new work, "your book is perfect in its way. One feels, while reading it, as if he were in some royal court." "Does he!" asked the author, with eagerness. "Yes," said Fogg; "there are so many sleepy pages in it, you know."

"And so your daughter is at the Academy! How does she get along?" "Splendidly; she's studying all the higher branches." "Is she studying the languages?" "Oh, yes; she has nearly completed the language of flowers, and is now practising in the language of Cupid."

Willie had been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as Willie is very obedient, he remained silent, although much affected. "Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate." "Won't you have some, papa?" said Willie; "It is very clean."

A full-bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three year old grand-daughter noticed it, gazed along with wondering eyes, and finally she ejaculated: "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

The wife of a boarder at one of our hotels balled her husband over the head with a wash-bowl the other day. When his friends ask him what ails his head, he mutters, "Inflammatory rheu-mate-ism," and adroitly guides the conversation into another channel.

EXTRAORDINARY CONCATENATION.

One evening, about dusk, says an exchange, a Texas gentleman of a scientific turn of mind was sitting on his front gallery, when his attention was called to an extraordinary meteorological concatenation, as circus men say. A peculiar shaped cloud seemed to come down from the sky and draw itself up again, very much after the manner of those cyclone clouds in Iowa. The gentleman was very much interested in this meteorological perturbation, when it occurred to him that the peculiar cloud of water-spout might be nearer than the distant horizon. He took off his hat and found that [illegible] was [illegible]. Fastened to the rim of the hat by his hind claws was a beautiful centipede about nine inches long. The peculiar phenomenon was produced by the insect drawing himself up and letting himself down in his efforts to find a nose or some other feature to hang on to in order to facilitate his descent. As the gentleman had a short nose the insect was foiled. It died shortly afterward by the gentleman accidentally stepping on it about half a dozen times with the heel of his boot.

"Things is gittin' stomchways in dis country, I declar'," [illegible] an old negro the other day. [illegible] Texas Siftings.

The Rev. Mr. Spooner (tenderly to eligible widow)—"How beautifully suggestive is this of the relations of man and wife. [illegible]"—London Fun.

AMERICAN EAST INDIAMEN, 1784–90.

The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacle could daunt, and he determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies. Accordingly, in 1784, he dispatched the ship Grand Turk, under Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnoissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton by way of Batavia. The ship was laden with native products—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the long-established companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship Astrea entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark Light Horse, in 1784, first opened American trade with Russia. In 1789 his ship Atlantic first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; the third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

THE FIRST INAUGURATION.

William Dunlap, the artist, graphically described the appearance of Washington and other dignitaries at the first inauguration. The oath was administered on the balcony of Federal Hall, in Wall street, New York, where a statue of Washington now marks the spot. This building had been erected for the accommodation of Congress under the direction of Major L'Enfant, a French officer of engineers, who afterwards planned the city of Washington. In front of the balcony were the volunteer companies of militia in full uniform, with a large concourse of citizens. Gen. Washington is described as having worn that day a plain suit of brown cloth, coat, waistcoat and breeches of home manufacture, even to the buttons, on which Rollinson, an engraver, had portrayed the arms of the United States. White silk stockings showed the contour of a manly leg; and his shoes, according to the fashion of that day, were ornamented with buckles. His head was uncovered and his hair dressed and powdered, for such was the universal custom of the time. Thus was his tall, fine figure presented to our view at the moment which forms an epoch in the history of nations. John Adams, a shorter figure, in a similarly plain dress, but with the (even then) old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at Washington's right hand, and opposite to the President-elect stood Chancellor Livingston in a full suit of black, ready to administer the prescribed oath of office. Between them was placed Mr. Otis, the Clerk of the Senate, a small man, bearing the Bible on a cushion. In the background of this picture and in the right and left compartments formed by the pillars stood the warriors and sages of the Revolution.

When all was ready Gen. Washington stretched forth his right hand with that simplicity and dignity which characterized all his actions, and placed it on the open book. The oath of office was read, the Bible was raised and he bowed his head upon it, reverentially kissing it. The Chancellor then made proclamation, "God save George Washington, President of the United States of America." A shout went up from the multitude, cannon were fired near by, the music played and every one appeared delighted.

THE ART OF SEALING A LETTER.

There is a great art in sealing a letter, and the candle, the stick of sealing wax and a daintily engraved seal are now requisites of the fashionable writing table. When sealed, note and candle are ready, do not begin by thrusting the end of the wax stick into the flame and conveying it in a flaming splutter of wax to your envelope. Take plenty of time to do it. First lay the seal right to your hand, so that the impression may be square and not wrong side up. Then hold the wax considerably above the flame of the candle, not close enough to burn. A burnt wax makes a brittle, streaky seal and is hard to manage. When the wax has gradually softened, apply it with a circular movement of the hand upon the note. Rub it well around and down until you have the proper circle and of sufficient thickness. Then do not apply the seal. The wax has cooled so that it would not take a clear impression. Hold the envelope some little distance from the flame, then lay it upon your desk, and apply the seal. The result should be a clear-cut impression.

SUNBEAMS.

Deep Thinkers.—Visitors in a coal mine wondering if they will get out alive.

In Norway, the longest days are three months; the morning papers are published quarterly.

Pounded ice for dinner, if allowed to stand too long, is not what it is cracked up to be.

When an Illinois farmer sold a cow for $41.50, and the buyer couldn't make change, the farmer cut off fifty cents worth of her tail.

Inquiring Mind (reading): "It says here, Ma, 'His remains were taken to their last resting place.' Why do they say 'his remains'—wasn't he all there?"

One year ago he called her his darling duck, but now they are married, and so [illegible] something about a blessed hen.—*Ex.*

"Do birds," asks a magazine writer, "die a natural death?" We know of many who have probably died in that way. We shot at them anyhow.—*Rochester Journal.*

An educated hog at one of the watering-places is said to be a good mathematician. No doubt it excels in a "square root," and is also good at "subtraction" when in a turnip patch.—*Norristown Herald.*

There is a growing sentiment in the minds of smokers that a coat pocket should be made deep enough to entirely hide a cigar from the overhanging gaze of the man who never has any.—[illegible] *Times.*

RUNNING THE SLIDES.

You never "ran the slides," eh?—never went down hills of water on a crib of timber?—never enjoyed the pleasure of a shower-bath on a small scale with all your clothes on?—never anticipated that you might have a dangerous duck in the river by the crib smashing up? No? Well, then, you have missed a most enjoyable sensation. But come with us in thought, and we will endeavor to take you through. Here we are, then, on the booms at the beginning of the Chaudiere slides, in the vicinity of Rochester's saw-mill. A solid-looking crib is approaching, being carried by the current on the bosom of the water. It is manned by a couple of muscular men, who have a sweep out apiece at the rear part of the raft, in order to guide it into the channel which is now being entered. They observe us and divine our mission, as with a cheery voice one of them cries, "Do you want to run the slides?" An affirmative answer being given, the crib is swung in a little closer, and the words, "Jump aboard, then," are heard. You do so. The crib is gliding along at the rate of five or six miles an hour, and the feeling is decidedly pleasant.

We are now rapidly approaching the first fall, which has a descent of about three feet, down which the water rushes lively, merging in a turbulent mass on the apron about twenty yards below. We are now passing under the iron bridges on Bridge street, in the vicinity of which large numbers of persons are gathered, watching the cribs as they pass down. The raftsmen have shipped their sweeps and the entire party are standing upon the upper timbers, four of which form the second tier of the crib, their weight keeping the lower ones, which are kept together by traverses, down and in their places. The crib begins to move more rapidly, the verge of the falls is reached, and the next instant down we go like a shot, amid the creaking of the timbers and the splashing of the waters into what appears a perfect caldron of threatening waves and foam. But instead of diving into it and being swamped, the angry waters are driven before the crib, which seems to rest for a moment upon the apron before gliding swiftly along to the next fall. Down we go, over a couple more of the falls, experiencing the same feeling as at the first, only more so if anything, as a couple of [illegible] have aided materially in shaking us up, rendering it necessary to crouch and cling to the timber upon which we are standing in order to keep our footing.

Finally the last fall is reached, which is the most sensational of the lot. For forty or fifty yards at the end of the slide the water is dark and angry looking; having attained quite a velocity, it rushes along in jagged waves and mingles with the Ottawa in a mass of foam. The crib is moving along rapidly. In front of you is the Grand River, covered with timber, steamers, and barges; around you are immense piles of lumber. On the "home-stretch" the crib slashes the water around lively, and finally it takes a plunge as it leaves the slides. Down it goes, and you hear nothing but the roar and rush of water, which seemingly surround you. For a moment there seems to be a struggle, when the crib slowly and majestically rises again to the surface of the water; then you know that it will not be necessary for you to take a bath with all your clothes on. On examination you find that the water was within an inch or two of where you were standing on the middle of the raft. This ends the pleasant sensation of "running the slides."—*Ottawa Free Press.*

LOBSTER AS A FOOD.

Dr. Anstie's mantle as an inquirer into the action of alcohol seems to have fallen upon his successor, Dr. Lauder Brunton, whom we find thus discoursing upon the rationale of a dram: "If the stomach is sensitive an irritation will cause nausea, which would only produce appetite if it were less irritable, and vice versa, a sluggish stomach will be benefited by an amount of irritation which one normally sensitive could not bear. Thus we know that in some cases articles of food, such as lobster, which in normal stomachs frequently cause indigestion and nausea, are readily digested while ordinary food is not digested. The stimulus which an ordinary diet gives to the stomach seems here to be insufficient to excite the secretion of gastric juice, while the more irritating substances do so, and are digested, instead of causing over-irritation and vomiting, as in the normal condition. But if this explanation be correct, how is it that we take a glass of spirits with our lobster 'to digest it'?" Is not this adding [illegible]

According to the *Engineer*, the following are the highest authentic instances of high railway speed on English lines: Brunel, with the Courier class of locomotives, ran 13 miles in ten minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. Stirling, of the Great Northern, took 16 cars fifteen miles in twelve minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. Three of the broad gauge engines on the great Western Railway have each run, with four or five cars, from Paddington to Didcot in 47½ minutes, equal to 68 miles an hour, or an extreme running speed of 72 miles an hour; and the new Midland coupled express engines, running in the usual course, have been timed 68, 70 and 72 miles an hour. The timing of the morning express on the Great Northern from Leeds shows them to run mile after mile at the rate of a mile in fifty-two seconds, or at 69 miles an hour—the engines used being Stirling's outside cylinder bogie express engines, and the load being two cars.

The barometer is now found to be almost as useful to the coal miner as it is to the mariner. The danger in coal mines, consequent especially on the sudden fall of the mercury in the barometer tube, is occasioned in this wise: When the glass is high and the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere correspondingly great, the dangerous carburetted hydrogen is prevented from issuing from the walls and sides of the coal seams; when the pressure is suddenly lessened, the gas escapes from numberless chinks and crannies, and accumulating, sometimes very rapidly, until it reaches the proportion sufficient with common air to produce an explosive compound, the naked light that is harmless under more favorable conditions [illegible] and a deadly catastrophe is the result. To the miner the barometer [illegible].

A SAMPLE SIOUX.

Mr. Alcott, the Hartford *Courant's* farmer, saw a superb Sioux brave on his last California trip, and by means of a sketch then and memory now describes him thus:—Near North Platte settlers begin to thicken, and at the station I bought a robe and lariat, and saw a couple of genuine Sioux warriors. It was in a trader's store, a large room filled with the ordinary loafers of the place, among which the figure of the tall brave, standing statuesque by the low crowded long counter, was as conspicuous as a California red wood among a lot of ordinary scrub oaks. He stood on one leg, with his crupper against the counter, and the business-like moccasin of the other foot resting gracefully against the knee of his buckskin trousers. His mantle was a fine blue blanket with an irregular white stripe of tanned fawn skin, may be, down the back, and this blanket (which was a full six-footer and more) only swept the floor as suspended from the fellow's broad shoulders—he was that tall—and was managed with one hand or the other as graceful women manage their long shawls—so as to be broken into folds about his waist. His presence was certainly more imposing than any description of the most admiring writer ever led me to expect. That Indian had taste in dress. The hat he wore—one of the finest drab wool, and low crowned, broad-brimmed, Quaker cut, with a band of some short, furlike moleskin, and a couple of eagle's quills projecting straight backward—was a capital piece of trimming for his savage head and tremendously large features.

The skin of his face could be likened to nothing so much as burnished copper. The tawny, oily surface glistened with quite a metallic lustre. He was a young fellow—in his early thirties, I guessed—and in high conceit with himself, having no marks of care on him. Probably he had long come into the honors of the chieftainship, and without a doubt in my mind the descendant of a line of bloody warriors. His man, over at the other counter trading his lariat for canned peaches, was an unmistakable, low browed wide jawed villain—a common scalper of women and children, with no white blood in him. But his chief wore a more courtly and formed aspect, with a good deal of the politician about him. There was a wicked glitter in his eye and not a line of his great face anywhere bending with the amenities of civilized culture. As I walked toward him I touched my hat politely and he reached an arm like the arm of a derrick from under his blanket and waved it easily in the air about two feet above my hair as if he might be gathering it, in pantomime to remember me by.

His recognition was not pleasant. That he despised me and mine and all my evil ways I felt certain. In the presence of so splendid a savage I am not sure but what I was overcome, half fascinated for a moment, and despised myself. According to the wild standard—perhaps according to any standard—he was the most perfect man I had ever met. The snorting locomotive with its long train of cars just outside the low-lived village and the pygmies of men about were but as dirt to the master of the wild bison and the wilder prairie. But, as the trade for canned peaches went on, I recovered my self-respect. This savage, or his squaw, had a sweet tooth, then. He'd swap his soul for rum and sugar. The trader didn't want to give but one can for the lariat, and my chief extended his yard arm above the crowd with a couple of [illegible] pointing upward, telegraphing to his villain that he must have two cans of peaches. "Damned independent, those fellows are getting lately," said the trader, when I had elbowed my way to him, as he shoved my three half dollars for the lasso into the till. "Those fellows are of no mortal use to us, and we never need try to make them so. A thousand years' breeding and feeding will never tame the wild pride in their blood except in death and extinction." My hand itched for a pistol to shoot them with all the time I was looking at them. When they had bagged their canned peaches and mounted to go I was surprised again. The villain squatted the horse and my particular enemy doubled his long legs alongside the shoulders of the big mule, stolen from some emigrant team, I suppose. His Roman toga tucked under his breech didn't have a gallant look, and the Quaker hat, flattened over his round shoulders, seemed not in the least brave or tasteful.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs, says the Savannah *News*, which people do not understand. It is this: The white under three minutes' rapid cooking becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left out. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through like any other food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the centre or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and nicer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after trying this method once.

MAKING CIDER VINEGAR.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives directions as follows: "Make the cider as early in the season as possible. When the barrel is filled, let it remain where the sun can shine upon it part of the day. Leave the bung out, and insert the neck end of a bottle. This will let the air in, while it will keep the flies out. Put into each barrel one sheet of foolscap paper, a half pint of white beans, and a half pint of good brewers yeast—or other yeast that is as good. Also, if you choose, put in a pint of molasses. Manage in this way, and you will have vinegar in six weeks. Remember that good cider will make good vinegar."

SAVAGE BULLS.—For the removal of savage bulls, have a girt around behind the shoulders, but, in place of the rope being fastened to the ring, fasten it securely to one of the forelegs, just above the knee; then, when the bull attempts to run at the man leading him, the man behind pulls the rope, and down comes the bull on his knees. I have seen one of the savagest bulls tamed by bringing him a few times to his knees and another advantage is, the pressure [illegible] all on the ring.

MARSHFIELD.

Mr. Wm. J. Powell has received a patent on a mitre box.

Mr. Walton Hall, of the Webster farm, has recently received a car load of sheep.

Mr. W. D. Baker has been obliged to transplant his cranberry vines. They were set out last spring, and were probably frost bitten.

H. Tolman was brought before the District Court at Plymouth, Friday, on three complaints, charging him with blowing up the dyke May 27 and 29 and attempting the same August 13. The hearing on the first two was postponed at the request of the government to August 26, and he was ordered to recognize in $250 each. The hearing was held on the third complaint, that of attempting the act on the 13th. Witnesses testified to being on watch and arresting him carrying a bag containing a tin can the size of ten gallons, which afterward was found to contain one hundred and fifty-seven cartridges of Atlas powder and sawdust, two lines of fuse, twenty-five feet each were attached to two cartridges with caps upon them, the fuses leading through the cover into the can. W. H. H. Weston, hardware dealer, of Plymouth, identified Tolman as the man who came to his store and ordered a can to be made of this size. Detectives from Wiggin and Wood's agency testified to work in the case and a mysterious woman figured in the case as appearing in advance of Tolman on the night of the arrest and giving a signal to those on the watch. The Court found probable cause and held him in $3,000 bonds to appear before the grand jury in October.—*Journal.*

This as well as the adjoining villages was thrown into intense excitement over the arrest of Mr. Tolman in the attempt to blow up the dyke.

The different times that attempts have been made to blow up the dyke, and the controversies that have from time to time been brought about in the form of letters to the press, have sufficiently set the whole matter before the public, therefore we deem it inexpedient to rehearse the story. Suffice it to say, however, that in accordance with an act of the Legislature in 1872 the dyke was built from Cut River to Brant Rock and when in 1879 it was made a public highway between the two places, the bitterness was most intense. Attempts were made to blow up the dyke in 1872, May 27 and 29 of the present year, the latter explosion resulted in great damage to the road.

OBITUARY.

Died in Marshfield, Aug. 10, Mrs. Sarah B. Rowey, aged [illegible] years, [illegible] months and [illegible] days.

Mrs. Rowey possessed great strength of character, combined with an unusual degree of self-sacrificing benevolence. For sixty-five years she had been a member of the Congregational Church. Her early consecration to her Redeemer gave a religious tone to her activity as the head of a household, and imparted perseverance and zeal to her relations with the people of God. By nature she was a worker; and as living a higher than a worldly life, a Christian worker. She had a restless energy and was untiring in her desire and labors for the welfare of others. Those words of the inspired ideal of woman are applicable to her, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Her love to Christ and His cause was very strong and tender. Her retentive memory enabled her to quote at length in the social meeting passages of scripture, hymns, and poetry expressive of this deep affection. She was a daughter of Mr. Chandler Sampson, one of the prominent men in the town of the past generation. She had expressed a wish to die at, and be buried from the home of her childhood, and so it was arranged by a wise Providence for the four of the six children of this household who have been removed. One, the eldest sister, Esther, unmarried, was born, lived eighty-eight years and died under the parental roof, and there was buried only about thirty-six hours before the death of this sister. Mrs. Rowey was accustomed to look forward cheerfully and joyfully to the hour of her departure, and for a few days before her death, there was a lighting up of her mind and return of her memory. According to her desire, if it were the Lord's will, in the early morning of the Sabbath, ministered to by the loving hands of her children and friends, after her years of toil, self-denial and sickness, her spirit took its upward flight and she was at rest.

S. A.

HISTORICAL ATTRACTIONS.

Probably no other town along the South Shore, save Plymouth, presents more objects of interest to the tourist than Marshfield. Let us glance briefly at a few of them. A short distance from the Webster Place station is the home of the great Webster, which is daily visited by numerous people. Although recently changed hands, the spot where Webster lived, has lost none of its historical significance. Near by this place is the home of the sweet, charming singer, Miss Adelaide Phillipps.

As regards cemeteries the first of importance is the Winslow where rests the remains of the early settlers of the town, and it is worthy of a visit, too, from the fact that Daniel Webster is buried there. It is without doubt the most important one here. There is so much of interest in this historical cemetery that a mere passing notice is insufficient to express it. But as we intimated at the outset the object of this sketch is simply to glance at the more important of the interesting objects of historical interest here, rather than give descriptions. Near the present fair grounds in an open pasture, if we may so term it, is the Friends' Burial Ground. Here are interred the Howlands and the Walkers, who were early Friends. In absence of stones we are left in the dark as to determining the number buried here.

Near the Congregationalist church of Rev. E. Alden's is the Cedar Grove cemetery, which is simply an enlargement of the old one. This proper was organized about thirty years ago, and lies east and north of the old yard around the church. The first interment recorded was William Ford, who died in 1722, and who lies directly under the seat of the church [illegible] is unoccupied.

The rest

BRANT ROCK.

Miss Nellie Saunders, Canton; Mr. John Walsh and family, Weymouth are registered at the Ocean House.

It is stated on good authority that there are nearly 1500 visitors here, at Abington Village, and Green Harbor. The season usually begins after the Fourth of July, at its height Aug. 10 and from that time gradually draws to a close.

Ivy Cottage.—E. Charles Capen and family, Edward Colburn and family of Stoughton.

Centennial Cottage.—Mrs. Dr. C. F. Gates, Waterbury; Mr. C. Booth, Mrs. West Sage, Mrs. Annie Perry, Mrs. S. E. Wardam, Mrs. S. J. Wilbur, Springfield.

Churchill's.—Miss H. B. Bragg, Mrs. J. S. Brown, Mrs. H. Allen, Miss Edith G. Allen, Springfield; F. M. Curtis, Mary E. Sparrell, So. Scituate; E. E. Dunmore, W. F. Laughton, Boston; J. Cobb, Jas. C. Sandy, Fall River; Andrew Cobb, wife and two sons, Middleboro'; T. G. Bryant, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. W. Sherman, Waltham; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Joslyn, Albert Kingman, Brockton, Ill.; Geo. E. Holt, Mrs. C. S. Fraser, Kingston; P. Matthews and wife, Cambridge; the Misses May, Chelsea; Mrs. H. A. Smith Mrs. M. A. Hanson, Athol.

Brant Rock House.—William H. Dawes F. S. Warren, A. Elmer Fowle, James P. Smooth, James G. Stewart, R. E. Turner, F. P. Vinal, A. P. Richards, W. A. Holmes, D. T. W. Cumpton, F. H. Spring, W. H. London, Wm. Sprague, A. M. Penniman, Miss D. L. Capen, Mrs. F. O. Tobey, Boston; Geo. K. Field, Miss Alice F. Field, Waltham; Mrs. Ellis C. Ryder, Miss F. C. H. Bradford, Miss Emma Stephens, F. E. Woodward, E. T. Ripley, N. L. Barrow, Plymouth; Miss Agnes Pool, Rockland; M. Sullivan and lady, Elisha Phillips, E. P. Leonard and wife, So. Abington; Chas. Tilden, St. Louis; Mrs. F. A. Balcom, Manitou Springs, Col.; L. Arnold, Randolph; M. F. Howard, A. H. Goodman, Julia A. Goodman, Annie E. Goodman, Brockton.

ABINGTON VILLAGE.

Williams Cottage.—Miss Addie Rowe, Cambridge.

Rice's Sea Shell.—Howard Rice, Miss Jennie Smith, Allston.

North Star.—Chas. W. Harding wife and child, Wm. C. Harding, So. Abington.

Brown Cottage.—Wm. S. Townsend, W. McClure, Miss Alice Watson, Worcester.

Harlow Cottage.—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Heartfield, Worcester.

Neal Cottage.—Mrs. Geo. L. Ford, Wm. T. Johnson, Miss Cora A. Whipple, Boston; Mrs. Jas. P. Neal, Jas. Neal, Allston.

Adams House.—Nahum F. Caswell wife and child, Edgar Benson, wife and child, Mrs. Geo. W. Reed, So. Abington.

Capen House.—G. Herbert Lincoln, Mrs. Flora Lincoln, Miss Mary Snow, Raynham; Ezra Cliff and wife, So. Abington; B. B. Balch, Springfield.

Whitmarsh Cottage.—C. D. Lincoln, Mrs. L. W. Lincoln, Mrs. Gustavus L. Dean, Miss Mary W. Dean, Miss Carrie F. Lincoln, Miss Alice Hanson, Frank Lincoln, Raynham.

Sea Side.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Brown, Willie West, Kittie Conway, Abington; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Alger and son, Cohasset; Mrs. Fidelia Clapp, No. Easton; Cyrus Alger, Chester Alger, Charles Smith, W. Bridgewater; Mrs. May Guy Easton.

EAST MARSHFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Shoals, of Charlestown, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Joyce.

George H. Weatherbee was elected Vice President of the East Marshfield Public Library last Thursday night.

Mr. Alfred Rogers and family, of South Boston, are visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Avery Rogers. Mr. Rogers is a successful grocery merchant in South Boston.

There has been too much encouragement given to the destroyer of the dyke, he is not a hero or martyr, a dynamiter in Russia, England or Marshfield, is a curse to the interests of humanity, no matter for what cause, good or bad.

We trust the selectmen will work as earnestly in hunting up every rumseller in town, as they have been in ferreting out the dynamiter who blew up the dyke. We are glad the dynamiter is caught, now catch the rumseller, one is as great a curse as the other to humanity. If one half the zeal is shown in catching the rumseller as has been shown in the search of the dynamiter, our community would not be suffering from the sale of intoxicating drinks.

An exciting foot race we beheld on Saturday night between Tom Stackhouse, Charlie Adams and Charlie Fred Damon. We watched the progress of the race, and found at its close it was for the interest of suffering humanity, and for a suffering heart. A gentleman and lady were brought to a sudden halt in the road in front of the late Nathaniel Phillips residence, by the fall of their horse attached to their buggy. The gentleman was precipitated pretty quickly over the horse's back, but neither the lady or the gentleman was hurt. Through the timely assistance of the young men above mentioned and Mr. Taylor, of Taylor's express, the horse was unharnessed and made to rise, one of the shafts was broken but no other injury done. It was grand to see those young men in eager pursuit to be the first on the scene to offer assistance to the unfortunate occupants of the broken down team. Never does one feel more grateful for assistance than when meeting with an accident on the road.

CUT RIVER.

Mrs. Thomas Barry, the well known actress of Boston, who has been stopping at the Mabel Cottage, was severely bitten by a dog last week.

Webster House.—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. C. F. Preston and child, E. G. Waterman, Geo. F. Walker, W. B. Reid, Geo. Bradford, Geo. Sewall Bowe, Boston.

SEA VIEW.

The new station at this place is nearly finished. A gravel train was put on this week to complete the work of grading.

Whortleberries have been very abundant and of good quality on the hills in this section and owing to the scarcity elsewhere prices have been well sustained and pickers have made excellent wages.

HUMAROCK SKATING RINK.

Last weeks entertainments at the Rink were full of interest and generously patronized. Our summer visitors and the general public are finding in the enterprise a place of amusement and relaxation which fills a long felt want and which they are not slow to appreciate. Large parties from Brant Rock, Rockland and Scituate visited the Rink last week. Monday evening the fourth game in the Humarock Polo Contest was won by Sea Views in three straight goals. Both clubs having thus won two games, great interest was felt in the last game which was played Wednesday evening and had it not been very rainy a very large audience would have been present. In the last game the Sea Views won the 1st, 2nd, and 4th, goals thus winning the contest and the medals. The victory was greeted with great applause and the medals presented to the victors in a very neat speech by E. P. Collier. Tuesday night lots of fun was occasioned by the potato race, for a gold medal. Three contested. A. Lincoln Creed, Henry La Point, and Francis Joslyn. One hundred potatoes were placed on the floor in lines before each which they were obliged to pick up, one at a time and place in a box at the starting point. The interest in the race was intense especially toward the finish. Mr. Creed won the race, skating throughout in a very graceful and systematic manner. La Point having 12 and Joslyn 22 potatoes yet to pick up. Time 16 min.

Friday evening Master Archie Deacon, the ever popular champion boy skater gave a very interesting exhibition of his skill. Saturday evening a game of Polo was played between the Sea Views and a club from the hotel guests. The game was very warmly contested, the fighting when the ball was near a goal being very earnest. The Hotel club won the 1st, 3rd and 4th goals. The last goal was won in one second the first blow driving the ball through the goal.

Arrivals at Hotel Humarock for the week ending Aug. 17.

E. B. Harvey, W. Mitchell, Westboro; Mrs. Dr. McGuire, Guelph, Can.; Rev. E. W. Spear, Toronto, Can. C. J. McWally, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Simmonds, May Simmonds, Hattie Simmonds, Henry Simmonds, Boston; J. L. Scott and wife, Nashville, Ten. May Campbell, Kathleen Campbell, Mrs. E. T. Snow, Chelsea; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Maynard, Fred B. Maynard, Boston; E. B. Weatherbee, Richfield, Spa, N. Y.; Miss M. C. Lyman, Chas. W. Lyman, Rutland, Vt.; W. R. Conklins and wife, Boston; Seth Hunt, Springfield, Mass.; H. C. Rogers, Quincy; Geo. W. Ireland, W. R. Torrey, Boston, Geo. H. Ireland, Lucy B. Hunt, Mrs. Chas. Marsh, Edward H. Marsh, Miss Anna B. Marsh, Springfield; Geo. H. Maynard, Waltham; Mr. A. N. Wood and wife, Mrs. A. H. Farnum, Harry W. Farnum, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Quincy; O. F. Brown, Edwin Bowker, Jos. A. Jackson, W. D. Walton, Boston; Mrs. F. B. Edgerton, San Francisco, Cal.; Geo. R. Pope, Waltham; K. E. Meldon and wife, C. E. Field and wife, Frank Smith and wife, East Bridgewater; G. H. Simmonds, Boston; E. W. Chapman, East Weymouth; Lloyd A. Raymond, Rockland; D. E. Dunn, Fort Plain, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. Spear, Miss Grace Spear, Cincinnati; Wm. W. Abbott, Miss E. M. Camp, No. Pembroke; J. Perry, Westboro; Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Partel, Cambridge; C. H. Thurston, Westboro; Mrs. E. H. Monroe, Mrs. A. E. Winship, Somerville; Miss E. F. Fisher, Thos. Thorp, Mr. Geo. H. Bowker and wife, Miss Fannie P. Hopkins, J. E. Maynard, Miss Annie Adams, R. F. Briggs, W. George Eckert and wife, Walter S. Swan, Boston; George F. Watson, Detroit.

GREEN HARBOR.

In order that a just estimate can be had of the value of the diked marshes, we report that from a portion of it owned by Judge Davis the grass sold at seven cents per acre. Fifteen acres at seven cents per acre, $1.05 per total.

"All richness a mine of wealth."

A concert given by Miss Nellie Eaton and friends at Grace Chapel proved a success, and gave much pleasure to the audience. "The bird song," and "I shot an arrow into air," were very sweet. The performers were all young and displayed much ability and promise. Miss Hattie Beal assisted on the cornet, and the Howlands and Miss M. Lawrence played a trio of organ, cornet and violin. The concert netted a pretty little sum which was given toward defraying the debt on organ.

WEST DUXBURY.

Frank Reed of Pembroke died Thursday, after a very painful and severe illness, resulting from a cancer on the lip. He leaves a wife and children.

Dr. B. Parker Burstow is spending his vacation with his parents. During the past year and a half he has been practicing medicine in Exeter, N. H., and has been successful beyond the most sanguine hopes of his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Cushman and daughter are at "Forest City" house, Brant Rock, and Chas. Marsh and family spend the week in the same place.

West Duxbury will soon look deserted.

What H. Tolman Has to Say.

GREEN HARBOR, Aug. 6, 1884.

Mr. Editor:

I have read with much interest the letter of Mr. Perry, also that of Mr. Whiting, relating to the late attempt to destroy the dyke over Green Harbor river. With your permission I beg leave to say a word upon this subject. Space will not permit me to give the history of this dyke, although it is a subject that I wish every honest citizen in Plymouth County thoroughly understood. I will say nothing about the ways and means resorted to in order to obtain permission to construct the dyke. I shall say nothing about the numerous acts of special legislation applied for, and granted for this particular one. I shall say nothing about the false representations that was made to the original meadow owners, as an inducement to obtain their signatures to the petition for leave to construct the dyke. I wish, however, to have it known and distinctly understood, that the Legislature recognizing the fact, that they had no power to obstruct any navigable stream, bound the meadow owners, that in case the river should shoal up, the same should be removed at their expense. Now Mr. Editor, as I understand the matter, all that is asked or ever has been asked is for the meadow owners to comply with those conditions. That the river has shoaled up, and the harbor, as such has been destroyed, I think Mr Whiting himself will not deny. But not only has the harbor been destroyed, but the meadows also. The question is often asked, why the owners of the meadow are not made to comply with these conditions. Our answer is, that all legal means have been resorted to for this purpose but of no avail. This, like thousands of other cases, is one in which money and influence overrides law and justice. The case has been argued before a full bench of Judges and no decision ever rendered. Mr. Whiting in his letter says, that no one has been wronged by the construction of this dyke. Nobody's rights have been infringed. When he or anybody else makes this statement, I am bold to say they state that which is false. I appeal to the three hundred original owners of that once beautiful salt meadow to hurl this statement back with scorn and contempt. Ask those poor fishermen who are trying to wring a living from the deep, if nobody's business or rights have been injured or destroyed.

Mr. Whiting in his communication, says, that he has waited some weeks for some one, who having the welfare of public order, private rights, fair dealing at heart to reply to Mr. Perry. But as no one has done so he has undertook it himself. Now what does Mr. Perry say that is so extraordinary. He says that law breaking is sometimes patriotic. Now does not everybody know that this is true. Is it not to the fact that there have been people found who dare violate laws, that the world owes its progression from the dark ages up to the present time? But for the violation of law, the Bastile and Inquisition would have been in existence to-day. But for the violation of law these United States would have as yet remained British Colonies. It was in violation of law that our forefathers boarded the British ships in Boston harbor and threw three hundred chests of tea into the water. It was in violation of law that they took up arms and marched to Bunker hill. It is in violation of law that the poor serfs of Russia are to-day trying to obtain a constitutional government. I have often heard Mr. Whiting himself publicly advocate the resistance to the laws of our own county. Even going so far, as to take the life of any person who should undertake to execute them, notwithstanding they were laws enacted by the highest legislative body in the country. Mr. Whiting appeals to the law abiding citizens of Plymouth County whether the rights and lives of its inhabitants are to be protected, or whether they are to be left at the mercy of the lawless dynamiters. In reply to this, I would say that we are perfectly willing to trust the whole question in their hands, as all that is asked, or ever has been asked is for the meadow owners to comply with the law. It may be criminal so far as statute law is concerned to destroy the dike, but it is a crime that would cause the hearts of nine-tenths of the good people of this county to leap with joy. Mr. Whiting says that there are more people and property here now than ever. It is true we have managed to live in spite of the dyke. As far as the devil alluded to which he alludes, we hear no complaints that it is not equal in quality to that sold in the south or east part of the town.

H. TOLMAN.

Republican Caucus.

The Republicans of Scituate are requested to meet at the Town Hall, Monday, Aug. 25, at 7.45 P. M., to choose delegates to the several conventions and to act upon any other business that may properly come before the meeting. Per order of Republican Town Committee.

For Sale

On Bay Street, Scituate,

A Cottage House,

Furnished or unfurnished, containing 8 rooms, with a piazza front and back, and a Small House in the rear, with 4 rooms.

—ALSO—

Stable, Cow-House, new, and 4 acres of land in good cultivation. Fruit trees of all kinds on the premises.

Beautiful Ocean view. Will be sold low if applied for immediately. Apply of

JOHN CUSHMAN on Bay Street,

JOHN A PARKER, 40 Bunker Hill Street, Charlestown, Mass.

b4 tm.

Cottages To Let.

Five Cottages to let, at the Sand Hills, by day, week or month. Address

Geo. B. Holbrook,
SCITUATE, MASS.

Red Cottage, Sand Hills.

DO YOU USE

PEIRCE'S PURE SPICES

in 1-4 pound full weight tin cans?

Before making Gingerbread do you always purchase a can of

PEIRCE'S PURE GINGER?

When you make bread or cake do you always use

PEIRCE'S PURE TARTAR

in 1-4 pound full weight packages, and the celebrated

Sponge Cake Saleratus?

IF NOT, WHY NOT!

DUXBURY.

There are a few gunners here, but game is scarce.

Miss Mary R. Hutchins, of East Cambridge, is in town.

Messrs. Herbert and Winnie Goodspeed returned home to Boston last week.

Mr. A. F. Peterson has left town for South Abington, where he has a permanent situation.

Duxbury is famous for its smart old people. Miss Sally Burgess who is 85 years old, does her own housework, knits, sews, etc.

Mr. Byam, employed at the Freeman House, left Boston one afternoon last week at 2 o'clock, and after going twenty miles out of the way, arrived here at 11:30. This is Byam's ride, not Sheridan's.

H. M. C.

At the Freeman House are: Geo. R. Littlefield, Cambridge; Miss Ida F. Seavy, Canton; Miss Cora M. Gerrey, Miss Lizzie J. Stoddard, Boston.

Mattakeeset lodge of Odd Fellows picnicked at Brant Rock, yesterday. A good social time was enjoyed, despite the unpropitious weather. The party was conveyed to and from by Cushing of So. Duxbury.

The Duxbury Rural Society held its annual meeting Monday evening and after the usual routine of business elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—Pres., Lawrence Bradford; vice presidents, Mrs. J. F. Hathaway, Mr. S. N. Gifford; treasurer, C. F. Jacobs; secretary, Miss M. F. Sampson. There was a slight change in the by-laws, which, together with other facts concerning the meeting, will be presented next week.

Through the kindness of Dr. Sawyer, we are enabled to present a list of teachers of the different schools here who will assume charge on the opening of the term:—High—Charles F. Jacobs, with Miss Emma S. Stetson, assistant. Village schools:—No 1, Miss Emily W. Sears; No. 2, "Nook", Miss Marion J. Perry; No. 3, Island Creek, Miss Evelina Freeman; No. 4, "Tarkiln", Miss Addie Chandler; No. 5, "Ashdod," Miss Mabel G. Northey; No. 6, "Crooked Lane", Miss Minnie G. Barstow; No. 7, "Mill Brook", Charles F. Thomas; No. 8, "Point" Miss Lizzie P. Brown; No. 9, High street, Miss Susie Boylston.

* * *

Swedenborg says, "The perfection of man is the love of use." But women think they have reached perfection in cooking, because they love to use Peirce's Pure Spices, which are unexcelled as strong pungent, aromatic goods that always suit. Brooks, Fogg and Seaverns sell them.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PLYMOUTH, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-law, Next of Kin, and other persons interested in the estate of Lydia F. Bailey, late of Scituate, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by George W. Bailey, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Plymouth, in said County of Plymouth, on the second Monday of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And the said George W. Bailey is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the South Shore Herald, printed at Scituate, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, JESSE E. KEITH, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four. EDWARD E. HOBART, Register.

h Aug. 22 29 Sept. 5.

PRESERVE

JARS

AND

JELLY

TUMBLERS,

AT

The Variety Store.

H. A. Seaverns & Co.,

NO. SCITUATE.

WOODLAND

FOR SALE.

1 Acre of Cedar Swamp 50 years Growth.

Suitable for Fencing purposes, Telegraph Poles, etc. etc. Situated about half way from Conihasset Hall and the House of Caleb Osborne. Also,

2 1-2 Acres Old Growth Oak and Maple, at Mt. Hope.

[illegible] The above are very desirable Lots. For further particulars inquire of

L. W. COOK.

North Scituate, June 19, 1884. tf

FOR SALE

IN SCITUATE.

Near the Rail Road Station. Consisting of about Sixteen Acres of good Land with Dwelling House and Stable thereon, being the premises formerly occupied by Frederick Curtis. For terms, etc., enquire of

GEORGE O. ALLEN of Scituate
or JAMES O. CURTIS of Medford.

March 19, 1884 tf

Chauncy-Hall School.

PARENTS desiring for their boys and girls the **personal attention** of private schools and the **discipline and varied associates** of public schools, will find both combined here.

The New Catalogue gives a full account of the great **Care for Health**; the thorough **preparation for College**, for **Business**, and the **Mass. Institute of Technology**; the facilities for **Special Students**; and the unusual arrangements for **Young Children.**

Graduates of High Schools often take advantage of the opportunities offered by Chauncy Hall for **elective studies**, to do advanced work in languages or other branches. There is no more charge for several classes in any study than for one class.

The school building, Boylston Street, near Dartmouth, is in the most elegant part of Boston, and is easily accessible. Horse cars pass the door.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1828.]

259 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Opposite the Art Museum)

Hotel Humarock,

Scituate Beach, Mass.

—OPENS JUNE 14.—

This charming summer resort at Sea View, Old Colony Railroad, is within one hundred yards of the open sea, upon one of the finest beaches in the world, three miles in length, where boating, fishing and surf bathing are unsurpassed. The house and furniture are entirely new. One hundred and twenty rooms, all lighted by gas, and with all modern improvements. The drainage is absolutely perfect. The beach is owned by a company who are determined that no objectionable surroundings shall be tolerated. Boating, fishing, bowling alleys and billiard rooms connected with the house. The drives [illegible] only five miles from the Daniel Webster farm, and the same distance from the Old Oaken Bucket well. For particulars, inquire of ALLEN HOUSE, 1642 Washington Street, Boston, till June 11; afterward to MOSES SARGENT, Proprietor (formerly of the Brant Rock House, Nantasket). Address—Sea View Post-office, Mass. 42 tf

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South Shore House

J. E. MERRITT, Proprietor.

Front Street, - - Scituate.

Permanent or Transient Board, by the Day or Week.

Livery, Boarding and Baiting Stable

Depot carriages connect with every train. Beach and Pleasure Parties conveyed to any place desired at reasonable rates.

No Fraud!

No Gift!

We call your attention to the

Napkin Ring

SOAP.

A long bar of excellent Soap and a Silver Plated Napkin Ring for

25 CENTS,

AT

The Variety Store,

NO. SCITUATE.

RICHARDSON'S

SCITUATE HARBOR

DRUG STORE

MEDICINES, NUTS, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY AND CIGARS.

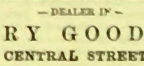
ROLAND TURNER

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS!

CENTRAL STREET,

SCITUATE, - - - MASS



HYLAND'S

Scituate Express

COMPANY.

For Scituate, North Scituate, Egypt and Greenbush.

OFFICES:

BOSTON, { 174 Washington St.
15 Devonshire St.

D. J. Bates' Store, No. Scituate,
Herald Office, Scituate Harbor,

From 7 to 8 P. M.

Leave Office, Scituate, 7.40 A. M.

Leave Boston Office, 2 P. M.

Order Boxes at the store of Chubuck & Co. and the P. O., Scituate. 30

1797. 1884.

DERBY ACADEMY.

HINGHAM.

The EIGHTY-SEVENTH year of this School will open

Monday, September 1, at 9 A. M.

Candidates for admission will present themselves at the Academy on the above date. Candidates for the Fourth Class will be required to pass an examination in the common English branches, as prescribed in the circular. Advanced pupils will be admitted, but must give satisfactory evidence of their ability to pursue the required studies. There is a Preparatory Department in connection with the Academy, under the immediate supervision of the Principal, for younger pupils from 8 to 12 years of age. [illegible] For information in full, send for circular or address [illegible], Principal.

July 1-tf Hingham, Mass

Bowker, Torrey & Co.,

Manufacturers of

MONUMENTAL WORK

in both

Marble and Polished Granite,

118 PORTLAND STREET,

Corner Chardon and Bowker Streets,

—BOSTON—

Mr. Everett Torrey may be found at the wholesale department of

TORREY & CO.,

7-tf 61 Beverly Street.

FOR

FINE GROCERIES,

Pure Spices,

Selected Teas and Coffees,

GO TO THE STORE OF

Chubuck & Co.

Scituate Harbor.

Medicines

AT

The Variety Store,

No. Scituate.

PLAIN AND TRUE.

How a Young Man's Life Was Saved by the Timely Help of an Old Friend.

The attention of sufferers from the prevailing kidney diseases is called to the following letter, written to Dr. David Kennedy of Rondout, N. Y., proprietor of KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. The writer tells the story of his sufferings and recovery in such a straightforward, frank and convincing way that little can be added to its force by any comment of ours:

HOBOKEN, N. J., Feb. 22, 1884.

DEAR SIR:—About a year and a half ago I was taken with a severe pain in the lower part of my back. I had no idea what the cause of it could be. I can only say that the distress it gave me was terrible. Cold, chills would often pass over my back, and I was so frightened and anxious that I went to a well known physician in this city, and asked him to tell me what was the matter and what could be done. He said I had Kidney disease; and there were signs of mucus, or calculi. He doctored me for it, but I got no better. Then I went to New York and consulted a famous physician there who gave me some relief, but did not reach the main cause of all the trouble. Still, he said, I had a very serious Kidney and urinary difficulty, which was very hard to cure. I was almost discouraged, but having once lived in Rondout, and heard of your great skill in diseases of this kind, I came to see you, as you may remember in October, 1883. At that time I was so much worse that I could hardly walk, and every step was a stinging pain, but I knew you could help me if anyone could. After an examination you recommended me to keep as quiet as possible and take your FAVORITE REMEDY. After the first bottle I felt less pain. Then I began to get better, my urine began to passed more freely, and I looked more clear and healthy; the disease gradually left me, until to-day I can truthfully say I am a well man. My recovery, which the physicians, my friends and myself look upon as truly wonderful, I attribute entirely to the use of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. Without it I am sure I would not have lived, for I had tried everything. Gratefully yours,

PETER HANNAN.

239 First street, Hoboken, N. J.

Mr. Hannan is a young man formerly of Rondout, N. Y., and well connected and respected in Hoboken, where he now lives. He is always ready to reaffirm the facts stated in this letter.

Edward O. Cooke,

COUNSELLOR

—AND—

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NO. 23 COURT STREET. - BOSTON

Room 68. Two flights up. Take elevator

YACHT

FOR SALE

—OR—

To Let for the Season

Apply at

Herald Office - Scituate.

FOR SALE!

AT

Scituate Centre

About 3-4 of an acre of land with apple trees thereon. It is situated between lands of Geo. Cole and Roland Jackson, on Central Street. Apply at

Herald Office, Scituate.

July 29 tf

WM. J. NEWCOMB,

UNDERTAKER,

North Scituate, - Mass.

I keep constantly on hand, at my warerooms, a large stock of

Caskets and Coffins, Ladies' and Gents' Burial Suits,

which will be furnished on the most favorable terms.

After an experience of nearly twenty-six years am confident of giving perfect satisfaction.

Particular attention given to

Embalming and Preserving Bodies.

Hacks and Carriages furnished when desired.

[illegible]

Paint Materials

AND

Ready Mixed

AT THE

Variety Store,

NO. SCITUATE.

Old Colony Railroad.

On and after June 23, 1884, trains leave Boston for

North Scituate, Egypt, Scituate, Greenbush, East Marshfield, Sea View and Marshfield, 7 35, 8.35, 11 40 a. m.; 3 30, 5 20, 6.20 p. m.
Marshfield Centre, 7 35, 8 35, 11 40, a. m. 3 30, 6 20, p. m.
Duxbury and South Duxbury, 7 35, a. m., 3 30, 5 20 p. m.
Island Creek, 7 35 a. m., 3 30 p. m.

Trains for Boston Leave

Island Creek, 7 40 a. m., 4 38 p. m.
South Duxbury, 6 45, 7 45, a. m., 4 43 p. m.
Duxbury, 6 50, 7 45, a. m. 4 47 p. m.
Webster Place 6 50 m. a. m.; 4 52, m. p. m.
Marshfield, 6.05, 7, 7 36, a. m., 12 25, 2 25 4 56 p. m.
Marshfield Centre, 6 10m, 7 00m, a. m.; 12 22m, 2 30, 5 00, p. m.
Sea View, 6 13, 7 03, 8 03, a. m. 12 25, 2 34, 5 11, p. m.
East Marshfield, 6 20, 7 12, 8 06 a. m.; 12 29, 2 38, 5 14 p. m.
Greenbush, 6 25, 7 18, a. m.; 12 36, 2 43, 5 20 p. m.
Scituate, 6 20, 7 22, 8 12, a.m.; 12 30, 2 50, 5 26, p. m.
Egypt, 6 35, 7 27, a. m.; 12 44, 2 54, 5 31, p. m.
North Scituate, 6 37, 7 32, 8 20, a.m.; 12 48, 2 58, 5 35, p. m.

Trains For Cohasset

Leave Boston, 7 35, 8 35, 11 40, a. m. 2 30, 3 30 Ex., 3 50, 4 20, 5 30, 6 20, p. m. For Boston leave COHASSET 6 45, 7 30, 8 25, 9 30 a. m., 12 36, 2 05, 4 00, 5 40 and 9 30 p. m. on stop to leave passengers and when flagged.

Sunday Train

Leaves Boston for Duxbury, Cohasset and So. Shore at 9 15 a. m. Also 1.30 p. m. for So. Shore Road.

Returning, leave So. Duxbury, 4 07, Duxbury, 4 12, Marshfield, 4 22, Sea View, 4 31, E. Marshfield, 4 35, Greenbush, 4 40, Scituate, 4 45, Egypt, 4 48, No. Scituate, 4 52, Cohasset, 5 00, 5 30, p.m.

J. R. KENDRICK, Gen. Manager.

J. H. FRENCH, Division Supt.

OLD COLONY LINE

—TO—

COTTAGE CITY,

Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard

—AND—

NANTUCKET.

1884 - SUMMER - 1884

Express Trains leave Boston for Oak Bluffs at 8.30 a. m., 12.45, 4.10 p. m. (via Woods Holl) week-days; 7.30 a. m. (via Woods Holl) Sundays.

DAY EXCURSIONS.

Leave Boston at 8.30 a. m.; have between two and three hours at the Vineyard; leave Oak Bluffs on return at 3.00 p. m.; due to reach Boston at 7.10 p. m. Also on Sundays, passengers may have about six hours at the Vineyard, and return same day.

Express Trains leave Boston for Nantucket at 12.45 p. m. (via Woods Holl) week-days; 7.30 a. m. (via Woods Holl) Sundays only.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

Boston to Oak Bluffs and Return	$3.00
Five Round Trip Tickets	12.00
Boston to Nantucket and Return	4.00
Five Round Trip Tickets	18.00

J. R. KENDRICK, Gen. Manager.

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING

AT

The Variety Store,

No. Scituate.

TEETH [illegible]